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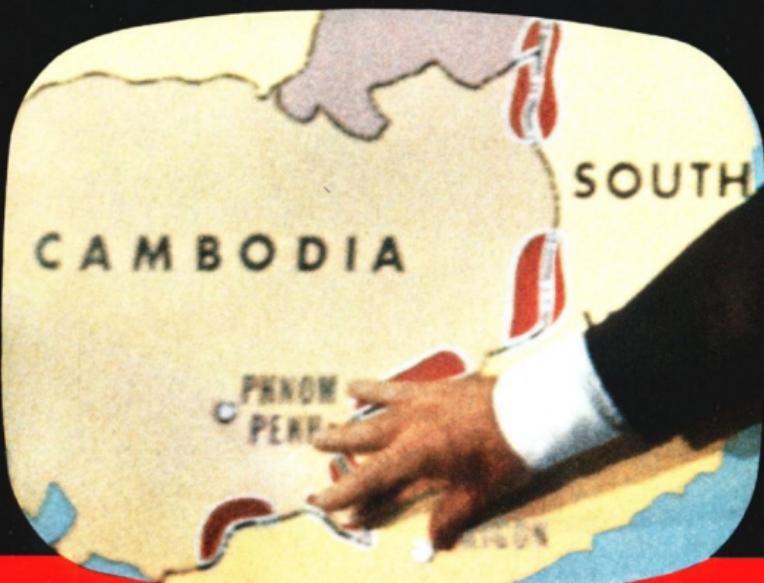
MAY 11, 1970

TIME

The New War



Will Nixon's Gamble Work?





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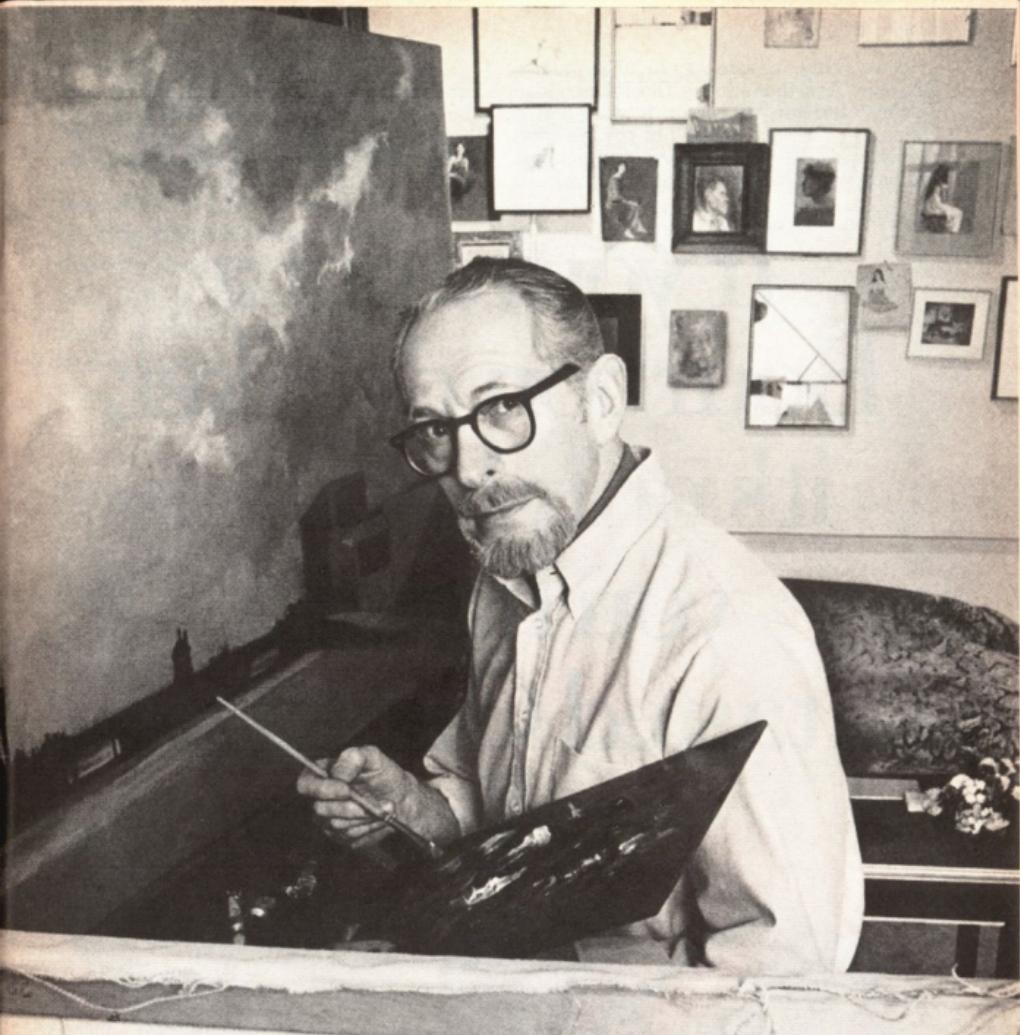
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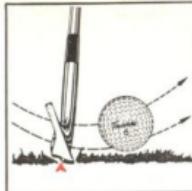
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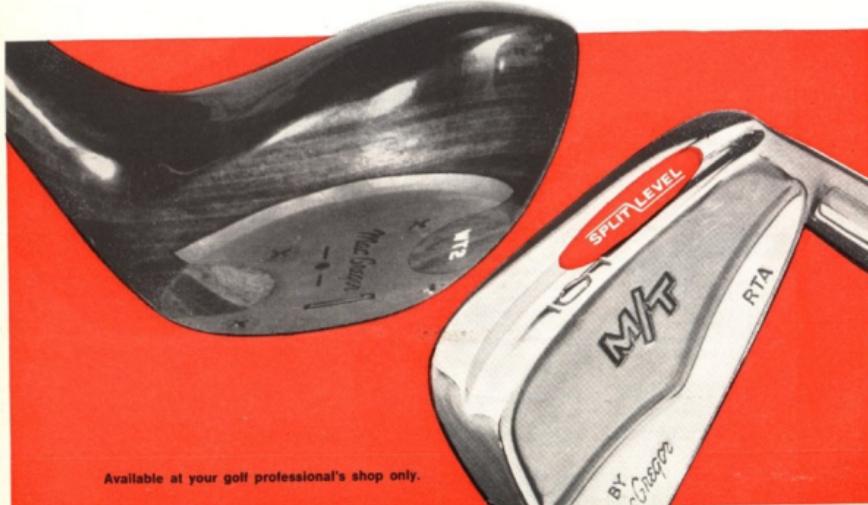
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LETTERS

Reflections on Apollo

Sir: As one who is committed to peace, I could not help being moved to reflection by the recent events of Apollo 13 [April 27]. The worldwide interest, concern and effort to rescue the three astronauts were as they should have been. For a single life is a precious commodity.

And yet, I find it difficult to reconcile the magnificent outpouring of human concern and solidarity in this instance with the lack of sensitivity that permits thousands to be slaughtered in Viet Nam.

JOHN VIGHANTI

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir: Let us all say an unconstitutional prayer of thanks, in our own unconstitutional way, to our unconstitutional God, for the safe return of Astronauts Lovell, Haise and Swigert.

FRANK J. HART

Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sir: The astronauts have given us quite a show, no doubt about it! Only one thought disturbs me. I keep remembering those super-extravagant, whistling-in-the-dark circuses staged by 4th century Roman emperors to divert public attention from the harsh realities of their crumbling civilization. Coincidence, probably?

GENEVIEVE S. GRAY

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir: Future space exploration plans should be re-examined. Our boys have demonstrated their bravery, but the tremendous sums of money now being spent should be diverted to dealing with America's earthbound social and economic problems. The U.S. scientific and technical Establishment might better concentrate its efforts on such things as a cure for cancer or even the common cold, or perhaps the development of a practicable electric car.

CHARLES V. MONTAIGUE

Palma, Majorca

Sir: I sincerely hope that the troubled flight of Apollo 13 will not bring about a cessation to the truly fantastic efforts of our space program. Man is just beginning to cross the threshold of a vast new frontier: a universe hopefully filled with rich new lands, raw materials and inhabitable planets for our crowded populace. The price of progress may seem high to us, but the cost of stagnancy is unbearable.

LINDA SMITH

Highland, N.Y.

Sir: I recall an eloquent presentation, given by a star of motion pictures, concerning God's being "dead." In his concluding statement, the actor pleaded: "Please, God, if you are alive, do your thing." Surely God did do his thing on Friday, April 17, at 1:07 p.m., E.S.T., when the entire world at that moment was united for the first time in history in prayer.

JAMES M. TOBIN

Chicago

Sir: Why weren't we cleverer? Even hotels don't have a thirteenth floor.

JONATHAN EVANS

Philadelphia

Functional Democracy

Sir: I was thrilled to read details about "Carswell Defeat" [April 20]. Americans

should be proud of the care taken and respect shown by their Senators for the appointment of Supreme Court Judges. The whole episode speaks highly of the functioning of real democracy in your country. I wish we had such independently thinking Members in our Parliament.

B.C. DHAGAT

Bombay, India

Sir: You missed the basic reasons for Carswell's defeat. No intelligent individual is moved by either vague charges of mediocrity or 1948 speeches. Why gloss over the pressures of regional bias, shouting liberals, personal piety and party affiliations? I heartily endorse constructive criticism and even outright rejection; I regret, however, that the opposing Senators and your ensuing analysis offered so little basis upon which to accept the rejection,

DONATA A. DELULIO

Manhattan

Sir: The Carswell defeat was not a crisis for Nixon. He attempted to gain support in his Southern strategy by putting a segregationist on the Supreme Court. He failed, but he gained a vast increase in Southern support for his attempt. This was a cool political play that gained him support either way the Senate voted.

COLLIN FALLAT

Pullman, Wash.

Sir: If anyone is a second-class citizen, it's the white Southerner. Not only can he not attend the school of his choice, he cannot even have a representative on the Supreme Court. Hell, no, we don't forget the Civil War. Who will let us?

JAYE SYDNEY

Valparaiso, Fla.

Sir: President Wilson never referred to the Senators who opposed U.S. participation in the League of Nations as the "little group of willful men." That was how he described twelve Senators who filibustered against a bill giving the President authority to arm American merchant ships. Wilson said that a "little group of willful men had rendered the great Government of the U.S. helpless and contemptible."

Wisconsin's "Fighting Bob" La Follette was the leader of the filibuster.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Wausau, Wis.

Washington's Martha

Sir: Your photograph of Martha Mitchell, wife of the U.S. Attorney General [April 20], was a letdown. One would expect to see a peppery, miniskirted, head-wearing, long-haired hippie type rabblerouser. Instead, a kindly old sweet-looking babe is portrayed wearing an old-fashioned nightgown-looking dress. She would seem more capable of shouting "Hallelujah-brother" than screaming "Crucify him!"

HENRY BROWN

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Nominee for the 1970 Roman Hruska Award: Mrs. Martha Mitchell.

THOMAS J. O'REGAN JR.

Chicago

A Ford in Whose Future?

Sir: It may not be fashionable in the Age of Aquarius to think of Russia as

the enemy, but I was appalled when I read your article about Mr. Henry Ford's trip to the U.S.S.R. [April 27]. It defies rationalization that the State Department would permit Ford Motor Co., or anyone else for that matter, to assist the Soviets in the manufacture of trucks and other equipment of strategic value.

Russia is currently very active against U.S. interests in the Middle East, Latin America, Eastern Europe and Southeast Asia, yet Mr. Ford "would like to break into the small but growing Communist automotive market." The lure of the almighty buck must be very strong around Dearborn.

I wonder how long it would take for Russian Ford trucks to be rolling down the Ho Chi Minh Trail or to be transporting Soviet troops in another suppression mission in a Czechoslovakia.

If Ford Motor Co. is allowed to proceed with this plan, it would amount to aiding a well-known and declared enemy. If you will recall, it was the Russians who said, "We will bury you." Why should we help them try it?

MIGUEL I. GASTON

Atlanta

Clothes and the Man

Sir: Imagine with what glee Abbie ("America Last") Hoffman must have read your nitpicking apology for his wearing the American flag on a recent television talk show [April 13].

The issue here is not, as you state, who wears the flag. It is how it is worn. Uncle Sam, even with his sternest mien, wears it with dignity.

I am not a right-winger. I do not have a uniform and rifle and do not attend patriotic-oriented meetings. While, like most

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But what about the hard-to-shave parts of your face?

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Feel how your beard grows down on part of your neck? And up on another part? (Some beards even grow sideways.)

To give you a close, comfortable shave on your neck, we designed the Norelco Tripleheader with 18 self-sharpening rotary blades that shave in every direction.

Feel your chin

The Tripleheader has 3 Microgroove™ shaving heads that float to follow the curves of your chin.

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Feel your upper lip

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average Americans, I am not a superpatriot or a mystic idolator of our Stars and Stripes. I do not enjoy seeing it trampled under the sweaty feet of a professional anarchist who seems to hate himself as much as he does his country.

DAN SALVIONE

Rochester

Taste Deserved, Justice Served

Sir: Duly impressed by our educators' appraisal of the quality of intelligence inherent in this present college generation, I was amazed to read of those of our nation's youth who, being blessed with the best of educations and living in a society that for the greatest part is free of poverty and hardship, fell victim to their own greed, stupidity and complete lack of morality, put forth in your article titled "Americans Abroad" [April 13].

Their attempts to smuggle hashish throughout the Middle East are astounding. It is a blessing that they are being detained in the vile prison of Beirut, Istanbul and Rabat, if for no other reason than to prevent their trading more drugs in the U.S., and for the good of their own miserable souls.

Thank God the State Department cannot touch them, so they can have a well-deserved taste of justice, far harsher than that justice which they downgraded in this country.

CHARLES J. HALLETT

Brooklyn

Conservative Liberal

Sir: Livingston College has made a commendable effort to recruit black and Puerto Rican students and faculty to the new campus [April 20], but it has certainly done nothing to end discrimination against women in the academic community. The first-year catalogues of the college lists women as only 7½% of its faculty, thus making the liberal new school one of the most conservative coeducational institutions in the country in terms of equal employment opportunities for women.

Nationally, women represent about 40% of the faculty of junior colleges, 20% of the faculty of four-year colleges, 10% of the faculty of large, prestigious universities and, alas, only 1% or 2% of the tenure ranks. Thus, Livingston College in its first year of operation has an even poorer record than the large, prestigious universities.

PHYLIS ZATLIN BORING

Assistant Professor
Romance Languages

Rutgers University
Old Bridge, N.J.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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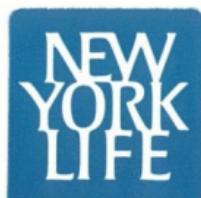
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**MARTIN
MARIETTA**

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THE NATION

The New Burdens of War

At one point during his television address to the nation last week, Richard Nixon lost his place in the typescript. For four or five seconds he shuffled pages, eyes darting through paragraphs to pick up the trail again. For the nation watching, it was an instant of complex psychology. There was the acute embarrassment and sympathy for the speaker who has fluffed his lines. There was also, for some, an eccentric half hope that if he could not continue, an absurdist, McLuhan logic would apply: "The U.S. was about to move into Cambodia, but the President lost his place in the script."

The instant passed. Richard Nixon went on. What to do, if anything, about Cambodia had been debated for some time, but Nixon took the country—and Congress—by complete surprise in sending thousands of U.S. troops across the border. The expeditions to destroy North Viet Nam's military sanctuaries in Cambodia were officially tagged by the Army Operation Total Victory No. 42 and No. 43. Operations Total Victory Nos. 1 through 41 had taken place over the past 18 months—with results the country knew only too well. After his cautious policy of steady disengagement from Viet Nam, Nixon suddenly raised the specter of a wider war, with military, diplomatic and domestic political consequences that could be momentous.

Country's Pride. As a purely military operation, the expedition carried a plausible enough rationale—along with great risks (see following story). Yet Nixon presented the exercise as if it were of global significance and virtually essential to the very survival of the U.S. At the same time he made it a test of "our will and character"—almost of virtue—that this operation be supported. It was perfectly understandable that the President wanted, in the words of an intimate, to "get the country's pride back up" and appeal to its patriotism. But the manner in which he did it seemed deliberately designed to divide the country further. He made a glib, not to say demagogic, connection between foreign aggression and domestic dissent. Said he: "We live in an age of anarchy both abroad and at home."

In the view of many, anarchy seemed indeed to be threatening last week on



GUARDSMEN & DEMONSTRATORS AT OHIO STATE

campuses across the U.S. There was also deep worry about the continued slide in the economy. Even before Nixon spoke, a Harris poll indicated that 59% of the nation opposed committing U.S. troops, advisers or bombing missions in either Laos or Cambodia. An informal poll by the Detroit Free Press found 75% against any Cambodian venture.

According to the White House switchboard, calls ran 6 to 1 in the President's favor. Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott, who cheerlessly supported the President, took a different reading. Telegrams to his office were 20 to 1 against the Cambodian expedition.

Even in the Midwest, where support for both the Johnson and Nixon war policies has been relatively strong, the Silent Majority loyalty may prove thin. TIME correspondents around the nation found little enthusiasm for the President's new policy, even among those Americans who feel that the war must be continued until it is won. Even the hawks were muted. At best there was a trust that Nixon must know what he is doing. At worst, there was the feeling summed up in the bitter comment of a NASA official in Houston: "I guess Nixon wanted his own war."

Campus Violence. On campus the Cambodian foray brought new eruptions. At comparatively quiescent Princeton, nearly 2,000 students immediately called a "provisional" strike. At New Haven, which was broadly advertised in advance as a new Chicago, demonstration organizers cooled the crowds almost as rebuttal of Nixon's charge of anarchy (see story, page 19). In effect, Nixon reawakened the dormant peace movement. The New Mobilization Committee announced a White House demonstration on May 9.

The night after Nixon's address, Lyndon Johnson made his first speech since he left the White House. At a Cook County fund-raising dinner in Chicago, L.B.J. recited some of the bitter politi-



NIXON POINTS OUT AREAS OF ATTACK

cal wisdom he accumulated when it was "Johnson's war": "This nation can only have one President at a time. I genuinely believe that it hurts our country and every citizen for America to ever present an image of a divided land."

Most of the Americans who have supported the President until now will probably agree with L.B.J. and go along with his successor if, as Nixon promised, the U.S. troops swiftly destroy the sanctuaries and then withdraw into Viet Nam. But if Operation Total Victory runs into trouble, drags on or leads to deeper involvement, more domestic violence seems inevitable, with the nation's moral atmosphere becoming increasingly polarized and poisoned. Said Republican Senator Robert Dole, a party loyalist who also keeps a well-trained eye on sentiment back home in Kansas: "If it works, it's a stroke of genius. If it doesn't, he strikes out."

Raising the Stakes in Indochina

Viet Nam has been called a war without fronts. Yet for five long years, U.S. combat troops were halted time and again by one seemingly impenetrable enemy line: South Viet Nam's twisting 600-mile border with Cambodia. Although it shielded no fewer than five large North Vietnamese and Viet Cong sanctuaries, the U.S. refused to violate Cambodia's neutrality by crossing the border to destroy them. Frustrated American military men, peering across valleys at one or another of the inviolable areas, often wished aloud: "If only they'd let us lose the map." Last week their Commander in Chief, Richard Nixon, ordered them to do exactly that. Pointing to the Communist sanctuaries on his own White House map, the President announced that he had ordered thousands of U.S. combat troops onto

Cambodian soil to knock them out.

Even as he spoke, U.S. air cavalrymen thrust into Cambodia's Kompong Cham province, located inside a Communist-infested zone called "the Fishhook." Their mission: a strike at the Communist high command hidden in groups of heavy concrete bunkers at several points beyond the border. Farther south, troops of the South Vietnamese army (ARVN), aided by U.S. advisers, helicopters and medical teams, swept into another Communist stronghold known as "the Parrot's Beak," located only 35 miles from Saigon. U.S. planes, meanwhile, began bombing the three other sanctuaries. By week's end the two ground forces reported a combined enemy death toll of 398; they suffered at least eight killed, including five Americans.

Nixon and his aides carefully argued that this was not an invasion of Cambodia, partly because the areas involved had long been held by the Communists, not the Cambodians. The President insisted that the U.S. move was merely a tactical extension of the Viet Nam conflict. He promised to keep U.S. combat forces to a minimum and indicated that the entire operation would be concluded in six to eight weeks. Said Nixon: "Once enemy forces are driven out of these sanctuaries and once their military supplies are destroyed, we will withdraw."

Despite such assurances, Nixon had—temporarily at least—turned the long and tortured conflict in Southeast Asia into a new war.

Even though the President emphasized the sanctuaries, some parts of his speech—two references to the need to protect all of Cambodia's 7,000,000 people, the description of the whole country as a potential staging area for the Communists—raised the question of whether the U.S. really would or could confine itself to the border areas. There

seemed to be a suggestion, not heard in Washington for some time, of what one Administration critic called "open-endedness" about the conflict. The U.S. "foray" presents the North Vietnamese with a significant military challenge. They must either take it lying down (not likely, in view of their past record) or retaliate somewhere, some time. Such retaliation, the Administration made clear, would lead to further escalation.

There was another suggestion of "open-endedness" in the President's argument that if he did not take this action in Cambodia, the U.S. position not only in South Viet Nam, but in the Pacific and, indeed, the world would be endangered. The move was tactically sound and represented an acceptable military risk. The disturbing element was the rhetoric suggesting that it was also much more than that: a short-cut to peace and so crucial that if it failed, the U.S. alternatives were either "defeat" or continued, wider war.

The Divide

To emphasize the point, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird said at week's end that he would recommend a renewal of the bombing of North Viet Nam should Hanoi respond to the attacks on the Cambodian sanctuaries by sending large numbers of troops across the Demilitarized Zone into South Viet Nam. The North Vietnamese claimed that the U.S. had in fact already resumed the bombing; more than 100 American planes, they said, struck north of the DMZ and killed "many civilians, including 20 children." The U.S. replied that the planes were flying "protective reaction" missions, which have been carried out on a limited scale since the bombing halt in 1968 to protect unarmed reconnaissance planes, by striking antiaircraft installations. Apparently the raid was authorized by Nixon immediately after he delivered last week's speech. Moreover, the U.S. reportedly stationed three aircraft carriers off the coast of North Viet Nam for the first time in some months.

Said a presidential aide of Nixon's decision: "This is the Continental Divide as far as the Nixon presidency is concerned." TIME White House Correspondent Simmons Fenstress reported: "This was a President who had run out of patience on Viet Nam. This was a President who had stopped on his way out of the place, whirled about, and thrown his power at a frustrating, adamant, determined and vicious enemy. Nixon knows the political risks. He accepts them as part of the great gamble, for this was a 'damn the torpedoes' speech if it was anything. I asked a White House staffer four hours before the speech if there would be anything in it that the doves might like. 'Well,' came the answer, 'the word peace is in there'

CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS ATTACKING COMMUNIST STRONGHOLDS



a couple of times. They might like that."

Much of the Senate's and the nation's worry was rooted in a feeling that something had suddenly gone wrong with the President's slow, careful program of withdrawal. Only the week before, he announced that he would bring home 150,000 more U.S. troops over the next year. What happened in the interval to change Nixon's tone from cool confidence to outright alarm?

Exposed Flank

The answer goes back to a shift in Southeast Asia's balance of power in March: the unexpected overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's ruler for nearly 30 years. Sihanouk tolerated the presence of some 40,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong in border provinces—but he managed to keep them in check by adroit political maneuvering. The new regime, headed by General Lon Nol, was determined to end Sihanouk's policy of playing along with the Communists. But Lon Nol's army, long used largely for roadbuilding and ceremonial functions, was, as one foreign diplomat observed, "more like a peacock corps than a military force."

Within a few weeks, seasoned North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops had gained an upper hand in most of Cambodia east of the Mekong River. Moreover, there were signs that they hoped to link their five major sanctuaries into a continuous fortified buffer, leaving South Viet Nam's entire western flank exposed. The threat of wide Communist gains began worrying Nixon. After his April 20 speech, the President flew back from San Clemente to Washington to be greeted with the news that Communist troops had attacked two key Cambodian towns. In the next four days, they attacked and occupied four more, including the seaport of Kep. The capture of a port city was particularly alarming, since it gave the Communists a shipping terminal to replace Sihanoukville (now known by its old name, Kampong Som), which the Lon Nol government had closed to Communist traffic. "A border base is one thing," says the adviser. "A contiguous area supplied by sea, and interlocking, is quite another."

The Lon Nol government put out an SOS for massive arms assistance, which South Viet Nam, with U.S. approval, answered in part by shipping in some 5,000 captured, Soviet-designed AK-47 rifles. The chances of equipping and training Cambodia's largely volunteer army in time for it to beat off a coordinated Communist attack, however, were next to nil. Meanwhile the South Vietnamese, in a number of exploratory probes, had proved that the Communists were vulnerable to attack on their sanctuaries from the west.

On April 22, two days after delivering his speech, the President called the National Security Council into session, but no decisions were made. The next day, convinced that he must take

some action, Nixon ordered the convening of an elite task force of National Security Council members called the Washington Special Action Group (WASAG). The five-man group, established after North Korea shot down an unarmed U.S. EC-121 reconnaissance plane early in the Nixon Administration, is responsible for drawing up contingency plans whenever foreign crisis threatens. Headed by White House Foreign Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger, it includes CIA Chief Richard Helms and Joint Chiefs Chairman General Earle Wheeler. On April 23, the group drafted a set of four options for the President: 1) massive military aid to Cambodia; 2) a U.S. call for a reconvening of the 14-member Geneva Conference on Cambodia, similar to Washington's request earlier this year in the case of Laos; 3) a massive bombing operation inside Cambodia; and 4) a military campaign against the border base areas.

Convincing Summit

The pressure to act increased measurably with word of the Indochinese summit of Communist leaders convened



"THE JACKPOT MUST BE JUST ABOUT DUE."

"LAOS! CAMBODIA! WHY CAN'T WE STAY IN VIETNAM WHERE WE BELONG?"



"WILL THE REAL DICK NIXON PLEASE STAND UP?"



"CHEER UP, BLUE, WE'LL ALL BE WITHDRAWN"



"LYNDON, THE WHOLE GENERAL AREA SEEMS TO ACHE... I"

April 24 somewhere near the juncture of Laos, Viet Nam and South China. The meeting was attended by no less a figure than China's Premier, Chou En-lai. Other participants included Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Communist Pathet Lao; North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong; and in his first appearance in nearly six weeks, Prince Sihanouk. On May Day Sihanouk was seen with Mao Tse-tung.

The talk at the South China summit of forming an "Indochinese People's Army" convinced the Nixon Administration that the Communists in Cambodia seriously intended to establish a puppet regime in Phnom-Penh. It was one thing, White House officials rea-

sioned, for the Communists to be operating out of privileged sanctuaries that were tolerated by a neutralist Sihanouk government. It would be quite another for the enemy to enjoy a completely free run of the border regions under a Si-hanouk regime totally beholden to Hanoi and Peking. Thus the chief purpose of

the intervention in Cambodia was to shore up the Lon Nol government, although the President was not to mention the regime in his speech.

Nixon spent Saturday with his friend Bebe Rebozo at the presidential retreat at Camp David, Md., but the Indochina situation was very much on his mind. He telephoned Kissinger and asked him to fly in with the proposed options for Cambodia. Nixon and Kissinger spent two hours discussing the plans on the retreat's sunny terrace, but made no decision. That evening the President, Kissinger and Rebozo cruised on the Potomac River aboard the Navy's *Sequoia*. The following day, April 26, after attending church in the morning, the President again called the National Security Council to review the situation. Nixon was genuinely concerned about the situation of the U.S. troops in South Vietnam. Said he at one point: "All right, a year from now I will be sitting here with most of our combat troops out of Viet Nam, and what do I do then?" He suggested, obviously on the advice of the military, that protection of the remaining troops would be more difficult than and he also worried about Vietnamization and pacification. Still, no firm decisions were taken.

Nearly everyone close to Nixon favored solution No. 4—the military strike. Rogers was reportedly the sole doubter, raising objections based on both international and domestic reaction to such a scheme. But he eventually came round. As he put it during a session with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 27: "The President has the problem: Do you continue fighting the war in a way that doesn't make sense, or do you change it?" When he testified, such a change was under very active consideration, and Rogers provided only the barest hint of it. As a result, some committee members felt deceived when it became known just two days

later. Still, Nixon had not then definitely made up his mind. Among others whom Nixon still wanted to consult was his former law partner, Attorney General John Mitchell. Mitchell's counsel: there would be "severe implications" politically if the plan did not work, but it was still a wise move.

Softening Up

One of the touchiest parts of the plan involved Cambodia's neutral status. The Lon Nol government, though plainly pro-Western, is determined to preserve at least the façade of neutrality. Moreover, it hopes to win diplomatic support—and arms aid—after this month at a conference of Asian nations called to discuss Cambodia by Indonesia. To avoid weakening the shaky regime, the U.S. decided to forgo the legality of wangling an invitation from Phnom-Penh to attack the Communist bases in Cambodia. The omission meant that Washington was openly violating the Geneva accord of 1954 (which it did not sign but has repeatedly claimed to respect), guaranteeing Cambodian neutrality. Still, there is no doubt that the U.S. obtained tacit consent. Cambodia's Foreign Minister, Yem Sambo, said it all when he registered the government's feeble objection. "In principle," he said with a broad smile, "we must protest the action."

On Monday, Nixon had Kissinger round up "unvarnished recommendations" from several sources, including U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and General Creighton Abrams in Saigon. He took the suggestions back to the White House and read past midnight. Next morning, he summoned Rogers, Kissinger and Laird to give them the news: not only would U.S. advisers accompany ARVN troops into Cambodia, but the American-led Fishhook attack would be staged a day later as a second and even more unexpected jolt to the Communists. The orders were quickly passed to a delighted South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. As Nixon retired to the luxuriant White House Rose Garden to work on his speech, U.S. warplanes and artillery began softening up the sanctuaries.

Applause but Not Approval

Calling his hardest-lining (and fastest-working) speechwriter, Pat Buchanan, the President told him to work up a first draft from some dictated notes. As Buchanan typed into the evening, his boss kept dictating into his IBM recorder. Three more of the machine's recording tubes arrived that night. "It was the old man's speech," said Buchanan. "He knew just what he wanted to say."

Nixon failed to inform a single legislator, even in his own party, about the attack. It was an omission that raised more hackles than necessary. When G.O.P. Senator George Aiken finally got the news, he recalls, "I count-

DRAWING BY KARL MOLIAKIN © 1970 THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



SOON... TO LAOS, CAMBODIA, THAILAND...

JONAH



ed slowly—up to about 12,000." Finally, an hour before he went on television, Nixon gave 40 congressional leaders and other officials a preview of the speech. "You've got to take things as they are," he told them, attempting to illustrate his dilemma in Indochina with a personal anecdote. It concerned a young woman who once told him that his face did not project well on

middle East conflict (see THE WORLD). The Israelis, at least, hoped so. Said one high Israeli diplomat: "If the U.S. lets Lon Nol go down the drain, the Russians will conclude that the Americans have gone soft. It will also be very bad news for us."

Nixon ensured that the speech would stir more emotion than was necessary by his aggressive tone and his flights

beyond their actual strength. "You are a colonel in South Viet Nam," explains TIME Correspondent John Mulliken, "who has been staring into Cambodia for months, watching the Communists in those sanctuaries, knowing that one night they will come out and hit your firebase. As that colonel, you are happy about the President's speech. To the military, the opportunity of an anti-Communist regime in Cambodia seemed irresistible. The attacks into Cambodia are really taking place simply because of the new anti-Communist government in Phnom-Penh. One officer told me: 'The State Department would not let us make a move while Sihanouk was still there because they thought they could win him over.'

A mop-up of the Communist staging areas, one White House adviser estimates, will buy the U.S. and South Viet Nam a year's freedom from sanctuary-based attacks. According to his reckoning, the Communists will be bogged down for four months when the monsoon weather begins, and for eight months after the rains end while they resupply. "They may come back and restock the bases, but we'll have a year to push pacification and to consolidate the government."

That timetable may be wishful thinking. When sweep-and-destroy missions were fashionable three years ago, the enemy managed to sweep back almost overnight. Allied officials have made it clear that if the Communists reoccupy the sanctuaries, they will be swept out again. But how frequently can this be done, particularly with the U.S. pulling out and Saigon increasingly preoccupied with defending its own territory?



SIHANOUK & MAO AT MAY DAY CELEBRATION IN PEKING
Crucial shift in the balance of power.

TV. "This is the face I've got," Nixon replied to her. "I've got to accept it as it is." When he rose to leave for the Oval Room, his audience stood and spontaneously applauded. It was a demonstration not of approval but of understanding. Said Mansfield, who harshly criticized the President's action in the Senate the next day: "His burden is awesome. The final responsibility is his. It was a gesture by a bunch of humans to another human."

It was the toughest speech of Nixon's presidency. Said Senate Minority Leader Scott afterward: "The North Vietnamese may have been going on a pussycat theory about Nixon. Now they know they have a tiger." The President announced the news of the attacks and explained their purpose as proof that "we will not allow American men by the thousands to be killed by an enemy from privileged sanctuaries." Added Nixon: "Any government that chooses to use these actions as a pretext for harming relations with the United States will be doing so on its own responsibility and on its own initiative, and we will draw the appropriate conclusions." He obviously meant that statement as a warning to Communist powers against retaliation. There was some speculation, moreover, that Nixon also intended it as a coded message to Russia that the U.S. is deeply unhappy over the Soviets' increasingly active role in the Mid-

into needlessly overstated rhetoric. He promised that the nation would not be "humiliated" or "defeated." Said he: "If when the chips are down the world's most powerful nation—the United States of America—acts like a pitiful, helpless giant, the forces of totalitarianism and anarchy will threaten free nations and free institutions throughout the world." Such potent images, at a time when the nation is trying desperately to heal the wounds caused by Viet Nam, were likely to deepen the divisions—as the instantaneous reaction on the campuses proved.

Sleeping Back

Nixon combined his appeal to Americans' pride in their country as a world power with one of those public revelations of his agonized political soul-searchings that have become an embarrassing feature of his speeches. Acknowledging that he would be vulnerable if his decision proved wrong, he pronounced: "I would rather be a one-term President and do what I believe is right than be a two-term President at the cost of seeing America become a second-rate power."

Nixon's move won virtually unanimous endorsement from the Pentagon. There was open jubilation. The border retreats have unquestionably prolonged the war by providing the Communists with muscle—and killing power—far be-

Haunting

Richard Nixon's speech on the widening Indochinese war bore some remarkable—and haunting—similarities to speeches

NIXON

"We will not allow American men by the thousands to be killed by an enemy from privileged sanctuaries."

"If we did, credibility of the United States would be destroyed in every area of the world where only the power of the United States deters aggression."

"We will be conciliatory at the conference table, but we will not be humiliated. We will not be defeated."

"We shall avoid a wider war."

Ultimately, Nixon and his advisers hope, the Cambodian thrusts and the new tough line will persuade North Viet Nam to negotiate seriously. Lyndon Johnson used much the same argument in supporting the bombing of North Viet Nam. True, the situation is different now; by all accounts, the North Vietnamese are weaker and the South Vietnamese stronger. Still, the echoes of Johnsonian logic are disturbing (*see box*). It is possible that the North Vietnamese will allow themselves to be driven into real negotiations; but it is hard to believe, since they have fought so long and cleverly, are still supplied and armed by Russia and China, can still count on the desperate U.S. need to withdraw from South Viet Nam sooner rather than later.

Congress was full of such doubts. Vermont's Aiken said flatly that the President has lost any chance he ever had of winning a majority in the House and Senate this November. A Democratic Congressman happily predicted that the President's policy would cost the G.O.P. 50 congressional seats. Said Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "We're sinking deeper into the morass. The feeling of gloom in the Senate is so thick that you could cut it with a knife. A dull knife." Even those who fell into line behind Nixon did so, for the most part, out of loyalty to his office. The Foreign Relations Committee, headed by longtime war critic William Fulbright, asked the President to explain himself "at your earliest convenience." It was the first such meeting requested by the committee since it asked Woodrow Wilson for an accounting during the debate over joining the

League of Nations in 1919. Nixon agreed to a meeting, but he offended the sensitive Senate group by inviting along its less prestigious counterpart in the House. At week's end the Senate committee was still undecided whether to accept on Nixon's terms. He also offered to meet with the House and Senate Armed Services committees.

In Congress, the President's course

CHARLES DEL VECCHIO—WASHINGTON POST



Senate critics Mike Mansfield, John Sherman Cooper, Frank Church, George Aiken
A "damn the torpedoes" speech.

will be subjected to formal debate this week when the Senate is scheduled to vote on the repeal of the 1965 Tonkin Gulf Resolution, the measure that Lyndon Johnson often cited as his legal authority for conducting the war. Repeal is virtually certain, and this would open the way for a much more explosive possibility: a Senate foreign affairs resolution putting the Senate on record against the use of U.S. troops in Cambodia. Liberals, moreover, are hoping to capitalize on the chamber's antiwar sentiment to secure passage of Majority Leader Mansfield's longstanding resolution to withdraw some of the 310,000 U.S. troops from Europe.

Yet another possibility lies in Congress' power of the purse. Mansfield intends to work hardest on this route,

hoping to deny Nixon the power to order troops into Cambodia by refusing to authorize funds for such an action in the next military appropriations bill. For the moment, he admits, "there's not much we can do." Should the Senate or House manage to place real limits on the President's freedom of action, the executive and legislative branches could become locked in an unprecedented constitutional confrontation. At issue would be the President's authority as Commander in Chief of the military and Congress' exclusive authority to declare war. The only forum where it could be settled legally would

be the Supreme Court, but it is almost inconceivable that the conflict would be carried that far. It is much more likely to be solved in the realm most familiar to both parties—politics, and there the Commander in Chief is probably capable of mobilizing enough resources to face down his challengers.

Nixon, who can hardly relish the prospect of a drawn-out controversy over

Similarities

that the public has heard before. The earlier words are those of his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson. Samples:

JOHNSON

"We could no longer stand by while attacks mounted and while the bases of the attackers were immune from reply."

—April 27, 1965 news conference

"If we are driven from the field in Viet Nam, then no nation can ever again have the same confidence in American promise or in American protection."

—July 28, 1965 news conference

"Our conclusions are plain. We will not surrender. We do not wish to enlarge the conflict. We desire peaceful settlement and talks."

—May 4, 1965,

special message to Congress

"The United States still seeks no wider war."

—March 25, 1965 statement

the war as the November midterm elections approach, is betting that his course will be vindicated fairly swiftly. It will lead, he hopes, to a reduction in casualty figures, or faster withdrawal or some other tangible sign of progress in what has become a debilitating experience for most Americans. He apparently believes that in the process he can conclusively demonstrate the strength of U.S. will to the Communists. Although he has so carefully delimited the aims of the Cambodian operation, Nixon may be hoping that such a show of strength—one last try, one more effort—can break the other side and in effect still bring a U.S. victory. The fact that this has never been true before does not mean that it might not be true now. But the odds are against it.

If his gamble pays off and Nixon brings the Communists to serious negotiations, he will have achieved a near triumph. If he only manages to clean out the Cambodian sanctuaries without further escalation, he will have achieved a significant, though probably temporary success. But what if his gamble fails, and instead of a surgical action against the sanctuaries, the U.S. is drawn into a messy, protracted effort to keep Lon Nol's regime intact? In that case, the President will appear in retrospect to have been intransigent rather than firm, and to have prolonged the war rather than shortened it.

Sanitizing the Sanctuaries

WELL before Richard Nixon told the U.S. of his conviction that "the time had come for action," 20,000 U.S. and South Vietnamese troops were across the Cambodian border and deep into a suddenly wider war. The day before the President went on the air, an 8,700-man South Vietnamese force accompanied by 50 American advisers had plunged into the Parrot's Beak. The next morning, barely two hours before Nixon was to begin his speech, an 11,500-man task force, spearheaded by 2,000 troopers of the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division (Airmobile) helicopterized into the Fishhook.

The operation was nicknamed "the Big One" by the brass in Saigon. It had the earmarks of the first truly classic operation in a long and decidedly unconventional war. In many ways, it looked like a World War II-style ground offensive. At one point along the Fishhook perimeter, a battery of nearly 100 heavy-artillery pieces poured fire into suspected enemy positions. The ground trembled as flights of as many as 35 huge B-52s roared over the sanctuaries again and again, dumping more than 2,000,000 lbs. of bombs. The columns of South Vietnamese tanks and armored cars that tore into the Parrot's Beak suggested the lumbering search-and-destroy operations that proved of questionable value in the jungles of Viet Nam. But on the dry plains of Cambodia, where long plumes of dust rose behind the speeding armor, conditions were ideal.

Pincer Attack

Boring in on the Fishhook from two points, the helicopter-borne Air Cav and South Vietnamese troopers achieved total tactical surprise. "Sure, the Communists had some knowledge that we were planning a big move," said one U.S. military source. "But they never expected an air assault—never anticipated the choppers coming in on them." The pincer attack was so swift that the enemy never did get its .51-cal. antiaircraft batteries in firing position. In the first hours of the assault, one ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) airborne unit set down right on top of a North Vietnamese regimental base area. The North Vietnamese were so flabbergasted that they put up only token resistance and withdrew hastily, leaving heavy casualties behind.

The Fishhook forces sealed off a triangular area of some 50-square miles. With any luck, they may find most of the 7th North Vietnamese Division trapped inside, and perhaps the 5th Viet Cong Division as well. But the main objective is the so-called Central Office for South Viet Nam, the field office from which Hanoi runs its political and military operations in the southern half of South Viet Nam. COSVN has a staff of 2,300 who man an elaborate series of bureaucratic "sections." Yet it is no Pentagon; its staff moves regularly from bunker to concrete bunker, hidden under

South Vietnamese show. Fewer than 50 American advisers rolled along with the Vietnamese task forces, commanded by Lieut. General Do Cao Tri, overall head of Total Victory. Once again, the Communists were caught poorly prepared. Enemy defenses—hastily constructed bunkers, occasional minefields—were flimsy and new. When ARVN tanks closed to within 50 yards of a Viet Cong position, Tri saw what he described to TIME Correspondent Burton Pines as "one of the most exciting battles I have ever seen. Our men fought the Communists in hand-to-hand combat, using rifles, knives and bayonets.

When it was over, we had killed more than 50 of the enemy, while we suffered only five wounded."

Monique's Clique

More than 30 miles down Route 1, which extends from Hanoi to Saigon and Phnom-Penh, General Tri figured in a significant incident of the drawn-out Indochina conflict: the first face-to-face meeting between Vietnamese and Cambodian soldiers since the two mutually antagonistic countries were created at Geneva 16 years ago. Just a mile outside of Svay Rieng city, Tri jumped out of his helicopter, smiled and saluted Lieut. Colonel Ong Yem, the assistant commander of a force of ragtag Cambodian troops wearing tennis shoes and carrying Chinese-made AK-47 rifles.

Despite talk of "cleaning out" the sanctuaries, the tanks and heliborne troops had little chance of catching many of the 40,000 enemy troops (three-fourths of them North Vietnamese) who use the border areas for rest, refitting and training. The typical Communist base holds perhaps 2,000 troops, and they may well elude the current sweeps as they have avoided clearing operations in South Viet Nam for years. "We are not interested in personnel," concedes a White House official. "We are interested in supply dumps and communications facilities." At this point in the war, supplies are as crucial to the Communists as men. Shipments of food and arms have dwindled to practically nothing since Cambodian Premier Lon Nol's anti-Communist regime took power last March. Some sources say that it has been six months since anything has arrived at the sanctuaries via the Cambodian port of Kampong Som (formerly Sihanoukville),



the thick jungle canopy. The "floating crap game," as COSVN is known in Saigon, is often widely dispersed. As they searched for it, the troops found elaborate underground bunkers almost everywhere they turned: plucking a pineapple from the ground at an innocent-looking farm in the Fishhook, an astonished G.I. discovered that he had opened the disguised door to a huge underground complex complete with bunk rooms and mess halls. Tanks rolled over suddenly sagging fields that covered elaborate below-ground facilities.

The three-pronged assault on the Parrot's Beak, 55 miles to the west, was a

which had been the source of as much as 80% of enemy supplies in the lower half of South Viet Nam.

When he was Cambodia's chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk not only gave the Communists the run of his country's eastern border regions but also countenanced a lucrative trade with the enemy in arms, rice and other stores. The trade was monopolized by what is now known in Phnom-Penh as "Monique's clique," after Sihanouk's lovely Eurasian fourth wife, Monique, her stepbrother Oum Manorine, who was the Cambodian provincial police chief, and other high-ranking Cambodians led a ring that picked up supplies arriving via Soviet, Chinese and East European ships in Sihanoukville and delivered them to the sanctuaries. The profiteers demanded payment from the Viet Cong in American dollars.

That once flourishing arms racket has, however, yielded a delayed dividend. A map hanging on a wall of the Cambodian police headquarters in Phnom-Penh shows the location of Communist caches in the sanctuaries, and Cambodian officials have been passing the information along to Saigon.

Three-Theater War

It is possible that the drive against the sanctuaries may compel Hanoi to re-examine its options. For the moment, however, there is no sign that the Communists are scaling down any part of the three-theater war that is now being waged in Indochina. In South Viet Nam another peak of activity is expected between this week's anniversary of the fall of Dienbienphu and Ho Chi Minh's birthday, which is two weeks off. In Laos, where the North Vietnamese and their Pathet Lao allies had been relatively inactive for weeks, a new drive was suddenly launched last week.

For some time, the Communists had been directing their energies at the joint Laotian-U.S. bases at Sam Thong and Long Cheng in north central Laos. This time, their target was Attapeu, a government-held town near the northern border of Cambodia. North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao troops have been toying with Attapeu for more than a decade; in the past year, the city has been completely encircled, forcing Vientiane to supply it by airdrop. Last week a Communist force, perhaps as large as two battalions, finally pounced, capturing the town after a day-long fight in which 93 Laotians were reported killed. Why had Attapeu finally been taken? The town is situated on a Mekong River tributary called the Sc Kong, and there was speculation that the Communists were after a handy water route by which reinforcements, supplies—or a new "army of liberation" headed by Sihanouk—could be floated into northern Cambodia.

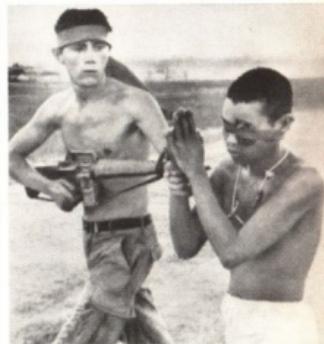
The greatest pressure, however, has been on Cambodia's new regime. The Communists clearly want to topple Lon Nol and restore the more pliable Si-



U.S. ADVISER WITH SOUTH VIETNAMESE IN PARROT'S BEAK

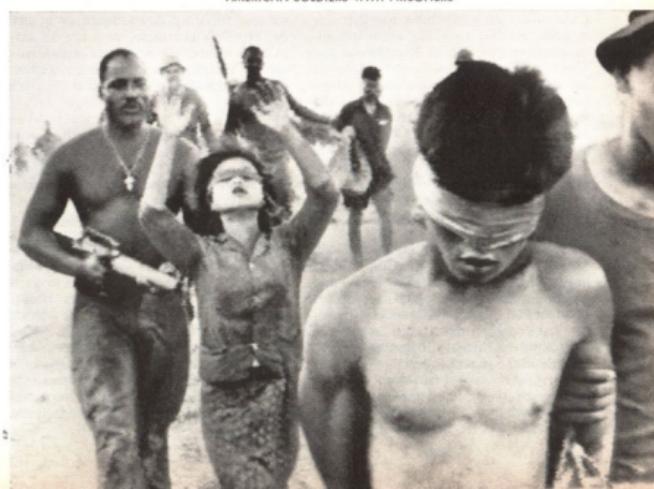


WOMAN AWAITING INTERROGATION



BRINGING IN CAPTURED VIET CONG

AMERICAN SOLDIERS WITH PRISONERS



hanouk. The Viet Cong raiders who race through Cambodia's towns and villages even wear "Sihanouk" buttons. The U.S.-South Vietnamese drive against the Communist sanctuaries is likely to shore up Lon Nol, at least for a while. Even with that help, his government is in bad shape. In the north, where the Communists control three provinces, they overran the important rubber-plantation town of Mimot; 1,000 Cambodian defenders have not been heard from since. Until the U.S.-South Vietnamese operation, the enemy virtually owned the third of the country that lies east of the Mekong. In the south, the Communists are continuing to hit the towns that encircle Phnom-Penh. Five of the seven highways radiating from the capital have come under attack; if the Communists were to close the broad highway to Kampong Som, the country's only oil refinery would be cut off, leaving Phnom-Penh with only about a month's supply of fuel.

Holding Together

It will be months before Cambodia's green, ill-equipped 35,000-man army can realistically be expected to give veteran Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops real trouble. And the Cambodians may not have that much time, especially if the drive on the sanctuaries forces the Communists to retreat to the west, where they are likely to clash with Lon Nol's troops. Nixon's promise to supply small arms and mortars will help—though the assistance will be on a far smaller scale than Phnom-Penh had hoped. As he briefed White House staffers last week, Henry Kissinger announced with a straight face that the Cambodians had "sent in a request for enough stuff to equip an army of 200,000. We asked them to take it back and reconsider," Kissinger went on, "and then they came in with a request for enough stuff to equip an army of 400,000."

Another fact that may enable the Cambodian army to hold together for a while is that in some areas resentment against the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, always strong because of the deep Cambodian-Vietnamese ethnic hostility, is intensifying because the Communists are starting to collect taxes and requiring villagers to feed and house soldiers. Terror is increasing. In one village, Viet Cong soldiers immolated the police chief's brother.

What is the Communist command likely to do next? There seem to be a number of possibilities:

STAND AND FIGHT: If last week's results are any indication, the Communists have already rejected that idea—and wisely so. It would violate every tenet of guerrilla warfare. Moreover, the allies have substantial forces in reserve that could be thrown, if necessary, into a battle in the sanctuaries.

WITHDRAW TO NORTH VIET NAM: This option, coupled with serious negotiations, is what Washington would most like to see. There has been no sign of

it. In fact, the Communists' seizure of Attapeu in Laos might indicate a determination to solidify their hold over alternate sanctuaries and supply routes.

FADE TO THE WEST: So far, the Communists seem to be doing just that. A prudent withdrawal could cost them their supply caches, and it could take Hanoi precious months to restock them. But the troops themselves would live to fight another day, perhaps from the very havens that are now being scoured by the allies.

CAPTURE PHNOM-PENH: The Communists would then be able to set up new staging areas deeper inside Cambodia. But occupying a city of half a million might prove far more trouble than it is worth, sorely taxing Hanoi's resources at a time when the North Vietnamese are anxious to fight an "economy of force" war.

LAUNCH A TET-STYLE OFFENSIVE: A dramatic attack on Vietnamese cities, coupled perhaps with an invasion by the 20,000 North Vietnamese troops stationed directly above the Demilitarized Zone might force Total Victory troops to hurry back from the sanctuaries. The Communists would then be free to return and take their vital supplies. U.S. military men doubt this would work. They think that the powerful ground forces and air support remaining in Viet Nam could handle any trouble, even if the Communists were prepared to withstand severe losses.

SEND REINFORCEMENTS FROM LAOS: Of the estimated 67,000 North Vietnamese troops in Laos, 30,000 are assigned to guard duty on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. An effort to send reinforcements down the trail to the Cambodian sanctuaries would entail a long march over distances of up to 450 miles, subject to U.S. air attacks every inch of the way.

CALL THE CHINESE: Conceivably, Chinese troops could move into North Viet Nam in order to free more North Vietnamese for duty down South. Whether the North Vietnamese, who are as suspicious of the Chinese as Cambodians are of Vietnamese, would even request such aid is highly problematical.

Final Option

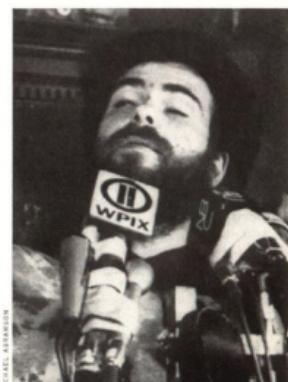
In Saigon, the guess is that the Communists will try to launch a diversionary operation of some sort in South Viet Nam—perhaps combined with a stepped-up attempt to knock off Lon Nol's government in Phnom-Penh. What the Nixon Administration is hoping for is that Hanoi will be compelled to consider a final option—serious negotiations. Few observers expect that to happen soon. In Paris last week, a Hanoi spokesman responded to the President's Cambodia speech by declaring: "The Nixon Administration has the mouth of Buddha and the heart of a serpent." His attitude was not exactly surprising, but neither did it offer much hope for progress in the long-deadlocked peace talks.



DELLINGER



HILLIARD



RUBIN

Protest Season on the Campus

EVEN as it widened the war in South East Asia, the Nixon Administration chose to further estrange itself from the nation's campuses. Vice President Spiro Agnew, speaking to Republicans in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., unleashed another blunderbuss attack on colleges as "circus tents or psychiatric centers for overprivileged, under-disciplined, irresponsible children of the well-to-do blasé permissivists" (see box, following page). President Nixon, in an impromptu talk at the Pentagon, referred to radical students as "these bums blowing up the campuses" and contrasted them with G.I.s fighting in Viet Nam: "the greatest kids—they stand tall and they are proud." The distinction between the two is fashioned, of course, as much by the whims of the draft as by personal choice. Still, soldiers and

the relatively moderate National Student Association issued a call for the impeachment of Richard Nixon.

At Yale University in New Haven, where Cambodia was only a last-minute addition to a broad May Day protest over judicial and police treatment of Black Panthers, some 4,000 U.S. Marines and paratroopers were deployed for quick response to any violence. Contending that the Panthers and Weathermen faction of S.D.S. were moving dynamite and demolition experts into the college town, one federal official warned beforehand that there would likely be "racial violence, widespread destruction and even assassination at New Haven." An explosion did shatter glass in a Yale building, and a mild clash broke out between demonstrators and local police, backed by National Guards-

Panthers and the Panther Defense Committee because eight Panthers, including National Chairman Bobby Seal, are on trial in New Haven for kidnaping, murder or conspiracy (see following story). Since the rally was scheduled for the town Green in front of the courthouse, and the university adjoins the Green, Yale decided that it might become a target of protest if it tried to keep the expected large crowds off campus. It seemed wiser to cooperate and open the gates to all comers.

Yale's involvement also stemmed from what many students on campus considered grossly unfair treatment of two of the Panther leaders, David Hilliard and Emory Douglas, both of whom were sentenced to six months in jail by Judge Harold Mulvey when a small scuffle broke out in the courtroom during

MICHAEL ARRABSON



NEW HAVEN RALLIERS GIVE BLACK PANTHER SALUTE

students last week faced each other head-on in several places as campus protests again broke out with a vengeance across the U.S.

With the arrival of spring's best weather in much of the nation, campus unrest was abloom almost everywhere, from Caltech, which had known almost no demonstrations, to the University of Maryland, where police and National Guardsmen waged pitched battles with protesters. Early in the week the issues included almost any notion that radicals could use to challenge administrators or to try to provoke a confrontation. There were demonstrations seeking more black students, protests against ROTC, fights for greater student influence over university policy. But after the President announced the dispatch of U.S. troops into Cambodia, the overriding issue became the war. Many university presidents joined the protesters, in sentiment if not in physical action. Even

men. But Yale did not prove to be the holocaust that many had feared. Some Panthers even joined Yale students to intercede between bottle throwers and cops wielding tear gas. All in all, Yale's concerned but overwhelmingly nonradical students served as calm hosts to some 12,000 demonstrators for a generally pleasant weekend of rock music and radical rhetoric.

Wise to Cooperate. The Yale situation, though a potentially dangerous one, was widely misunderstood from the beginning by Government officials and even by some of the self-styled revolutionaries who hurried into New Haven. To many, it looked like a case of one of the nation's most scholarly institutions suddenly closing up shop in its devotion to Panther principles, egged on by a leftist university president. The May Day rally, in fact, was neither proposed nor encouraged by Yale. It was announced by the Chicago Seven, the

pretrial hearings. (The judge later accepted the Panthers' apology and reduced the sentence to one week.) Some 400 Yale students met in Harkness Hall, discussed the trial and linked it to what they considered similar prejudiced action by Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago conspiracy trial. They voted to seek an immediate, open-ended "moratorium" of classes to permit the entire university to study the issues raised by the trial in their midst—mainly the treatment of political dissidents by police and the courts. They vaguely hoped that the university could apply pressure to ensure a fair trial. There was no effort to endorse the Panthers' political beliefs or tactics, though the notion of an indefinite moratorium on classwork was exaggerated partisanship, considering the larger problems facing the U.S.

Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. appointed a committee to consider the university's reaction to the trial, but

ADRIAN BOUCHARD



BREWSTER

How to Roast a Marshmallow

Never known for his reluctance to discuss any question, Vice President Spiro Agnew spoke out last week on campus violence. Addressing a Republican dinner at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the Vice President delivered a speech that went largely unreported. Yet, though unremarked, it was, even by Agnewistic standards, remarkable. He took a hard line on student radicals and the militant left, urged a return to oldtime religion, and continued his earlier attacks on parts of the American intellectual community. Blasting those university authorities who "capitulate" to militant student demands, he laid down a program for preventing and dealing with campus disturbances. Excerpts from Agnew's speech:

LET us not be naive enough to believe that there are no seeds of revolution in the rebellion that radical young people describe as "the movement." Let us be candid enough to face the fact that the spawning ground and sanctuary of the movement is the American university. Few institutions are more vital

When peace comes through appeasement and capitulation—that sellout is intellectual treason. A concise and clear set of rules for campus conduct should be established, transmitted to incoming freshmen, and enforced—with immediate expulsion the penalty for serious violations. The rule of reason is the guiding principle in an academic community, and those who apply the rule of force have no business there. It is folly for universities confronted with their current crisis in our turbulent times to open their doors to thousands of patently unqualified students. [President Robben] Fleming [of the University of Michigan, who acceded to black students' demands for the enrollment of 900 black students by 1971] buckled under to a few squads of kid extortions. As for the vigor of my criticism of President Fleming, it was conscious—based on the old Cub Scout theory that the best way to put a tough coat on a marshmallow is to roast it.

We must look to how we are raising our children. They are, for the most part, the children of affluent, permissive, upper-middle-class parents who learned their Dr. Spock and threw discipline out the window—when they should have done the opposite. They are the children dropped off by their parents at Sunday school to hear the "modern" gospel from a "progressive" preacher more interested in fighting pollution than fighting evil—one of those pleasant clergymen who lifts his weekly sermons out of old newsletters from a National Council of Churches that has cast morality and theology aside as "not relevant" and set as its goal on earth the recognition of Red China and the preservation of the Florida alligator. Today, by the thousands—without a cultural heritage, without a set of spiritual values, and with a moral code summed up in that idealistic injunction "Do your own thing," Junior—his pot and Portnoy secreted in his knapsack—arrives at "the Old Main" and finds there a smilng and benign faculty even less demanding than his parents.

We must look to the university that receives [our] children. Is it prepared to deal with the challenge of the non-democratic left? One modest suggestion for my friends in the academic community: the next time a mob of students, waving their non-negotiable demands, starts pitching bricks and rocks at the Student Union—just imagine they are wearing brown shirts or white sheets—and act accordingly. Let us support those courageous administrators, professors and students who are standing up for the traditional rights of the academic community. Can it be that within the faculty lounges there is also a Great Silent Majority?

did not personally endorse the moratorium concept, contending that a university should remain neutral on political issues. Black faculty members thereupon got together and protested Brewster's action as "an evasion of responsibility." Black members of the committee withdrew, claiming that they were being used "as buffers to neutralize a dangerous and immediate situation." Some 1,500 students attended a "teach-in" at which New Haven Panther Leader Doug Miranda urged them: "Take your power and use it to move the institution—that Panther and that Bulldog are going to move together."

Carefully Skeptical. Pushed by blacks on and off campus, who have long complained about the university's employment practices and building plans, the moratorium movement grew. At a rally of 4,500 students and faculty, Panther Hilliard was jeered when he suggested "killing pigs." "All right, booo me, I knew you were racist," he replied. Black students cheered him on—and that was a turning point. Explained one white student: "When our black friends erupted in support of Hilliard for calling us racist, I could feel the white students cringing [with guilt]. I know I did." The meeting shouted approval of the strike. Next day, class attendance was down to about one-third of normal.

A strike committee was formed and drew up several demands, all of which were drastically altered by the full faculty. The faculty urged the creation of a commission to guide Yale's relations with blacks in New Haven, as well as an agreement that the university must replace any housing facilities it displaces as it expands and a suspension of normal class requirements during the strike—an apparent luxury at the end of an academic year. Brewster, who had helped shape the faculty proposals, then approved them. He also indicated his sympathy for the students' concern about the trial. "I am skeptical of the ability of black revolutionaries to achieve a fair trial anywhere in the U.S.," he said. As the furor over that sweeping and injudicious statement grew, Brewster explained only that he had "chosen the word *skeptical* very carefully."

The attack upon Brewster was led by Vice President Agnew, who claimed that Yale students cannot get "a fair impression of their country under the tutelage of Kingman Brewster," and that "it is clearly time for the alumni of that fine old college to demand that it be headed by a more mature and responsible person." Agnew also misrepresented the position of the Yale faculty as supporting "an organization dedicated to criminal violence, anarchy and the destruction of the United States."

Ironically, Agnew's blast only reinforced Brewster's high prestige on his own campus and among his presidential peers on other campuses. Some 3,000 students quickly signed a petition backing him. Yale Corporation Member Wil-



AGNEW SPEAKING

to a free society; none is so susceptible to capture and destruction by the radical or criminal left. Small wonder, then, that each year a new group of impressionable consumers falls victim to the totalitarian pomade dispensed by those who disparage our system.

The real pity is that many of the students of our universities really feel that the theatrical radicals are the architects of a brave, new compassionate world, spiced with "rock" music, "acid" and "pot." There is a . . . group of students committed to radical change through violent means. Some of these may be irretrievable; all will require very firm handling. This is the criminal left that belongs not in a dormitory, but in a penitentiary. The criminal left is not a problem to be solved by the department of philosophy or the department of English—it is a problem for the Department of Justice.

*Next fishing trip, why not
do the unexpected?*



*Surprise
people*

*Bring
MICHELOB.*

BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI • SINCE 1896

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

liam Horowitz, chairman of the Connecticut State Board of Education and a Democrat, showed how most of the university regards Brewster. Horowitz acidly complained in a letter to Agnew: "I frankly do not believe that your experience as a president of a P.T.A. chapter qualifies you to evaluate the contributions to education by the most distinguished university president in the U.S." Some alumni, however, thought Brewster had gone too far. Said one irate occupant of Manhattan's Yale Club: "I'm sure the governing board will act quickly to obtain his resignation. Instead of being a leader, he has stooped to the level of the students."

Brewster earned high marks for transforming Yale from an elitist institution for the conventional education of affluent prep school graduates into an innovative coeducational campus, where more than 50% of the students get financial aid—and he gets credit for doing it without lowering graduation standards in the process. Brewster has also long held views that Agnew could applaud, such as his concern that "physical disruption and intimidation from the New Left" pose a "frontal challenge" to universities, and that "reason must be honored above the clash of crude and noisy enthusiasms and antipathies." He has argued that "the teacher who holds no convictions is a neuter," but "the teacher who sees his classroom as an opportunity for missionary indoctrination is an outrage."

Assassination. In a rare unity forged by their support of Brewster, Yale's faculty and students worked together to examine the Panther issue without violence. Some 200 students fanned out into New Haven to try to convince townspeople that the Panther trial poses the threat of political repression. "We don't necessarily support the Panther ideology—we are concerned about Bobby Seale and his companions in jail in California getting a fair trial," explained a member of the strike committee. Professors deviated from their teaching plans to concentrate on the related issues. A psychology course examined the psychology of racism; seminars were held on such subjects as "The Law of Conspiracy," "Race and Class Conflict in Modern Society," "Language and Revolution." Signs were plastered everywhere urging KEEP THE PEACE and warning that VIOLENCE IS THE TOOL OF FASCISM. The residential colleges opened their courtyards for the bedding down of visitors. The university provided slim but sustaining meals of salad and rice for all comers.

In Washington, the probability of violence was stressed. High officials of the Justice Department, the Army, the FBI and the Secret Service held a strategy meeting, concluding that some 20,000 to 50,000 demonstrators would head for New Haven, including 2,000 violence-prone "militants." This led to a recommendation by Attorney General John Mitchell that federal troops be dispatched. After Connecticut Governor

"What Do We Do with Our Lives?"

After the angry Moratorium last month, TIME Contributing Editor Mayo Mohs wrote in disenchantment about the evident shift away from pacifism among antiwar dissenters toward a "fresh new hate." He received a rejoinder from Linda Eldredge, 19, a student at California's Monterey Peninsula College. Many will disagree with her and consider some of her points exaggerated and unfair, but her letter well conveys the passion and anguish of the youthful protesters in America and helps explain their actions:

IT was not the march of five years ago, it was frightening. Is it because things have changed since the days of the first Washington march? No. The hatred and bitterness you saw are there because things are essentially the same. God, they are worse. What happens to a human being who is once full of hope and confidence that he can make his presence felt in the world in a useful and healthy way? What happens when he is scorned and criticized and laughed at? We marched. O God, how we marched and sang and tried to turn from death to life.

We made mistakes. Sometimes we were rash and arrogant, but it was to push away the overwhelmingly helpless and insignificant feelings. We felt horror and grief and rage. We wanted to shake President Johnson and tell him to stop! stop! And the more we spoke out and marched and felt horror, the more the killing grew. Finally, a few more people joined in the protests and we were no longer cowards or traitors. But we were still helpless. We were drafted and trained to kill and sent to a very far away place to die. And our parents watched their children go to this insanity and did not seem to mind. Even when we came back in boxes.

We watched our cities crumbling and dying. We saw people of black and brown and red being denied their humanity. We went to the South and cried out to the Government for help and got nothing. A little here and there, but mostly it amounted to nothing. And we died there too.

We watched men whom we loved and had hope in (though they were not saints and were tainted with inhumanity as we all are) shot and buried.

An election approached and we once again had hope. He was no saint, but we worked our hearts out for him and had them broken. And hardened. At Chicago we grew up and felt our youth withering. Whom to turn to? Most of the people in the nation approved of the beating we received.

Nixon had a chance and he did not act. The Viet Nam War is not being ended. The cities are still dying; much of the countryside is dead. The "de-

fense" budgets for the major countries of this earth are staggering, criminal.

"The System"—does it work? To some extent, yes. But not enough, not quickly enough. What are we supposed to do with our lives? How do we go about solving the complex problems of our world? "Work with the System," we hear. "You're young and strong, and besides, the problems aren't really as bad as you think."

There comes a time when pure frustration builds and breaks out and is ugly. You throw a bottle and it feels good. You say, "F---!" and it feels good. If you can't change it, blow it up. It becomes a very personal and illogical thing. Cops hate the damn Commie kids and the kids hate the damn pigs. We feel horror at death and find ourselves planning it in Weatherman basements. You say America is better than other places in the world. It is better than most, but brother, it's nothing to be proud of, and it's getting worse each day.

Violence? I abhor it. Somehow throughout all the broken promises and worthless agreements and "reforms," I still abhor it and condemn it. We cannot change this world through violence—we can only end it. But I wonder if people will work in any other way. The young people—my brothers—I see them growing ugly and irrational and I hear them saying things that are not different from Johnson's words and justifications about Viet Nam. Our parents hate us, our politicians desert us, our hopes simply grew old and died.

I sound as though I am wallowing in self-pity because the world is too harsh. I'm not. I am only very tired.

DENNIS ROWEDEGER





DEMONSTRATOR CHEWING ANTI-TEAR GAS RAG AT OHIO STATE



YOUTH RESTRAINED AT BERKELEY

John Dempsey formally requested them, they were sent to Westover Air Force Base in Massachusetts and Quonset Point Naval Air Station in Rhode Island to be ready. About 2,500 Connecticut National Guardsmen were ordered into New Haven.

Festive and Boring. On May Day morning, New Haven had the tense, electric air of the street in *High Noon*. Many businesses were boarded up. But only about 12,000 demonstrators appeared, most of them college students from other college campuses and some teen-agers who were apparently attracted as much by the anticipation of an outing as by the cause. Few seemed really anxious for a confrontation. An 18-year-old youth en route to New Haven from New York City was asked why he was going. "You know, the Panthers are being oppressed," he explained half-heartedly. "Well," he added, "it's exciting. I want to see it." When about 50 S.D.S. radicals tried to organize a march on New Haven's city hall, they could only muster about 300 followers and gave up short of their target. Most of the visitors seemed sympathetic to radical causes, but were not bomb-throwing revolutionaries. A 34-year-old housewife from Boston, who would only give her first name, Sandra, explained that she could not quite see herself starting any violence, but added: "I certainly wouldn't go around putting out any fires." A Harvard senior argued that "one just should be here, not to trash or fight but to be on the right side."

The rally was mostly festive and occasionally a bit boring. Strategically placed loudspeakers blasted Beatles music and many demonstrators danced. Even some of the radical orators sounded uncommonly reasonable. David Dellinger pleaded for more tolerance within the movement. "Just because a guy is a step to the left or to the right of you doesn't

mean he's a pig or a counterrevolutionary," he argued. Abbie Hoffman drew shouts of "Right on!" when he declared that "if the U.S. has lost face in Viet Nam, it is going to lose its ass in Cambodia." He could hardly be taken literally when he also vowed: "If they find Bobby, Erica and the Panthers guilty, we're going to pick up that building [the courthouse] and send it to the moon." Even Panther Miranda declared that it was not a time "to kill pigs. When you walk around the campus tonight, walk hiphily, walk quietly."

That advice was partly forgotten in one of the few ugly moments of May Day. After dark, a crowd of about 1,500 visitors faced a line of massed police and Guardsmen. They began throwing bottles and rocks, caught tear gas in return and dispersed after about an hour of confrontation. Seventeen demonstrators were arrested by the police, who never once charged into the crowd or swung clubs. Yale students wearing yellow headbands and some Panther marshals kept urging the rock throwers to move off the Green and back onto the campus. "There's nothing you can do here but hurt my people!" shouted one young black. Two bombs later exploded simultaneously in Yale's Ingalls Hockey Rink, shattering windows and doors. There were no serious injuries.

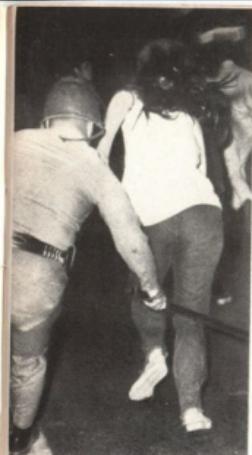
Next day there were more rebellious speakers, including Jerry Rubin, who failed to get a crowd to join in a chant assailing Brewster. He settled for a rhythmic plea to "Free Bobby Seale." The day was uneventful, although police employed tear gas to disperse one lingering crowd on the Green. A small fire was quenched in one leftist political center. A Panther sound truck kept appealing throughout the night to "keep your heads on your shoulders—this is no time for foolish actions."

Other campuses across the U.S. suffered much greater violence during

the week. In a wholly unexpected eruption at Ohio State University, a relatively small group of activists on the 45,000-student campus managed to escalate into a near riot the recent arrest of six students during a peaceful demonstration against military and industrial recruiting on campus. The fighting, with some shooting, continued sporadically for two days. When the battle was over, 640 people had been arrested, 130 protesters and officers were injured, and some 1,800 National Guardsmen had been called out. Eleven of the injured demonstrators sustained gunshot wounds. Police reported that they had fired \$15,000 worth of tear gas.

At Berkeley, which has been relatively quiet recently, another ROTC protest made that campus look as chaotic as ever. For two days, groups of up to a thousand demonstrators, many of them off-campus "street people," including high school students, smashed windows and fought police.

A protest against ROTC activities at Stanford turned into two nights of clashes between demonstrators and police in which dozens of officers and 16 students were injured. The hostilities began as police tried to clear a building occupied by the demonstrators. The protesters first assaulted police with rocks, then the cops beat up some students in retaliation. The clashes grew more violent after a campus rally protesting the use of U.S. troops in Cambodia, and the two related issues were joined. Many windows were shattered by roving bands, which would be dispersed by tear gas at one point, only to regroup later. After dark, three shotgun blasts were fired by someone in a car at the home of Colonel Stanley Ramey, Stanford's ROTC commander. No one was hurt. Stanford President Kenneth Pitzer called the violence "unfortunate, senseless and tragic"—while con-



COP & GIRL AT MARYLAND



BREAKING MILITANTS' LINE AT STANFORD



PLEADING FOR CALM IN NEW HAVEN

ceding that he regarded U.S. involvement in Cambodia "a mistake of the gravest kind."

Glimmer of Hope. Even campuses where protest had been shunned in the past were stirred by the Cambodian action. Science-oriented Caltech experienced its first antiwar demonstration when about 250 students rallied to hear professors assail the new U.S. involvement. Some students marched into downtown Pasadena, urging residents to protest by mail to the White House. An angrier mood prevailed at the University of Maryland, where some 500 students charged into the campus Air Force ROTC building after the Nixon speech. They burned uniforms, smashed typewriters, threw files out of windows and caused at least \$10,000 worth of damage. Several thousand students joined the others in blocking U.S. Highway 1 for 40 minutes. Police finally sought the help of National Guardsmen to break it up. At Kent State University in Ohio, 500 students set fires and damaged automobiles in a rampage along Kent's Main Street. The one-story ROTC building was burned to the ground. Fifteen protesters were arrested at Southern Illinois University after several hundred broke windows and battled cops. ROTC ceremonies were forcibly disrupted at the University of Iowa and Purdue. A rally at Indiana University drew a surprising 1,500 students.

The tone of campus protest has turned sharply more violent since antiwar sentiment was last at its peak on the nation's campuses when the Johnson Administration was in office. Last week's surge of new activity looms as an ominous threat to the possibility of restoring order in the colleges this spring. The only glimmer of hope may be that the academic year will end at most schools within a few weeks.

WHATEVER other grievances they may have, the Black Panthers can hardly claim to have been ignored since their party was founded in 1966. Perhaps never have so few would-be revolutionaries made such an impact on so many in so short a time. The Justice Department estimates that there are barely 1,000 Panthers in the entire U.S. Yet an appeal by Panther leaders to protesters to come to the aid of Panther Chairman Bobby Seale created a potential confrontation in New Haven.

Though Panther marshals played an important role in keeping the peace in New Haven, officials had reason to worry. The Justice Department had reports that shotguns and rifles purchased by Panthers were transported to New Haven. Panthers and members of the ultramilitant white Weathermen brought dynamite into the city, according to police intelligence, and the Panther command ordered each of its chapters to send their most skillful dynamiters, planning to place them under the command of Robert Webb and John Turner, both known as "demolition experts."

Storming Montville. There is heated dispute among Panther defenders and their horrified critics about the extent to which the Panthers are rightfully prosecuted or unfairly persecuted by police, and, in turn, about whether they are purposeful terrorists or mostly big talkers. There does not seem to be enough evidence so far to convince anyone except their partisans or their enemies, although the case against them is bolstered by figures. In the past three years police claim that 409 Panthers have been convicted of one crime or another; 310 others are awaiting trial. Police say the Panthers have shot to death six policemen and wounded 47 others (the police also report they have slain

ten Panthers). The Panthers insist that their massive private arsenals are for self-defense, but they preach organized violence and the overthrow of the "fascist imperialist U.S. Government," and consider themselves the violent vanguard of a new American revolution. No Panthers have been convicted as yet of any bombings; several await trial on bombing charges.

Taken at their word, the Panthers are the most devastating witnesses against themselves. An April issue of the Panther newspaper contained diagrammed "recipes" for Molotov cocktails and "people's hand grenades"—aerosol cans filled with explosives. The paper declared: "All self-defense groups must strike blows against the slavemaster until we have secured our survival as a people, and if this takes shooting every pig and blowing up every pigsty, then let's get on with it." Panther Leader David Hilliard warned: "If anything happens to Bobby Seale, there will not be any lights for days in this country. Not only will we burn buildings, we will take lives. We will kill judges." Panther leaders even talked of storming the Montville, Conn., prison, where Bob Seale was held for trial. Their discussions caused Connecticut officials to beef up the guard force there.

Panther defenders often excuse their rantings as merely militant rhetoric. Obviously it cannot be dismissed that way. The use of language carries responsibility, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out in his famous remark about crying "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Rhetoric has a significance and catalytic effect of its own. In the tense U.S. of 1970, Hilliard's public cry of "Kill Nixon" could be a dangerous incitement to psychotic action on the part of others. Along with rage and fear, fantasy is

The Panthers on Trial

A warning to people who make obscene phone calls.

You're sick. Not clever, but sick.

Because the calls you make aren't jokes. They're crimes. By local law and now, by Federal law.

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And don't think you can beat it by keeping your call short, either.

Because it can also prevent you from disconnecting. As long as the party you call doesn't hang up, the line will remain open. No matter what you do.

And while they keep the line open, they can make another call. To us.

Then there's the work being done on the voice print—an electronic picture of the human voice.

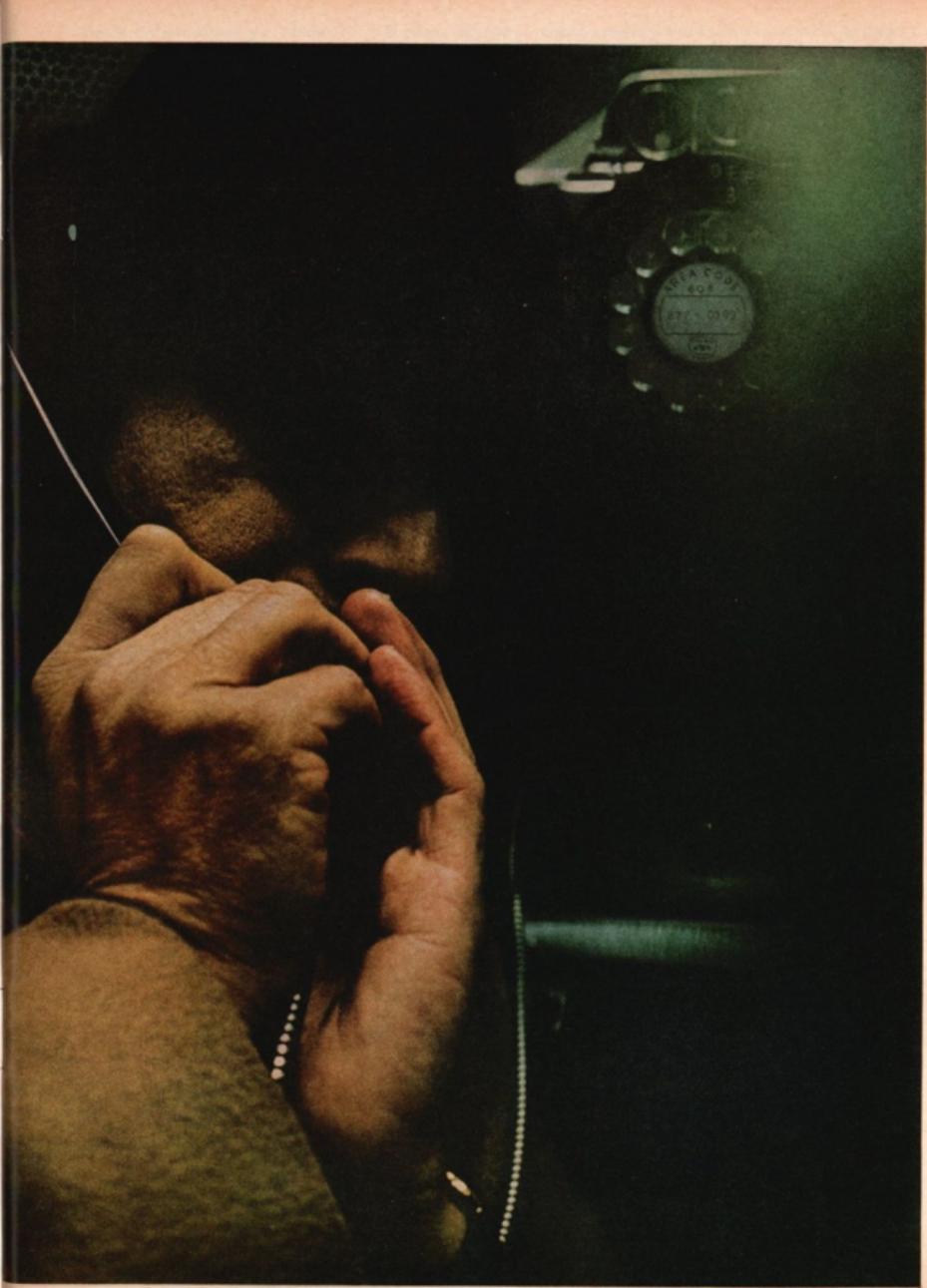
If yours is taken, it's as good as getting your fingerprints. That's how distinctive your voice is. No matter how good you are at disguising it.

And if all that isn't enough to stop you, remember this the next time you get the urge to call:

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a strong element among the Panthers. Founders Huey Newton and Bobby Seale couched the organization's statement of purpose in the language of the Declaration of Independence, giving themselves titles that reflect their belief that they are a nation within a nation. Newton, now in prison for the 1967 killing of a policeman, became the Panthers' "Minister of Defense"; Seale the organization's chairman.

Romantic Heroes. Panthers still see themselves and their fellow blacks as a colonized people oppressed by a white racist government. They can be seen raising their clenched fists in angry protest outside courthouses, peddling their militant weekly newspaper on street corners, shouting their opposition to the capitalist system in scatological speeches. They serve breakfasts to approximately 10,000 needy black children each month, but teach the youngsters to hate white police. With their readiness to stand up

is in prison and you're running around free."

Scattered in some 40 chapters across the country, the Panthers seem to have gone underground since last December's shootouts with the police in Chicago and Los Angeles. Party members are also less identifiable. Many non-Panthers have taken to wearing the party uniform of black beret, turtleneck and black-leather jacket; the Panthers have taken to mufti. The party's funds come mainly from its newspaper, which sells for 25¢ and circulates as many as 150,000 copies a week, and from speaking fees for Panther leaders, who are in great demand at universities. One such lecturer, John Turner, recently showed up at Berkeley to express the Panthers' solidarity with the white-radical struggle currently going on campus. Wearing a blue beret and blue-lensed sunglasses, Turner said: "Once Berkeley was the vanguard of the revolution. Now you are

about police infiltrators in New York and led quickly to the accusation that Rackley was working for the police. Taking Rackley to a New Haven apartment, the Panthers began systematically to torture him in an attempt to force him to admit that he was a "pig informer," according to the tapes. Rackley was beaten, scalded with hot water and bound to a bed. Finally he was executed.

A Panther who has pleaded guilty to second-degree murder in the case says that Rackley was killed on the direct order of Seale himself. According to the pretrial statements of George J. Sams Jr., who turned state's evidence after his arrest in Toronto last August, Seale came to Panther headquarters after he spoke at Yale on May 19 and interrogated Rackley as he was tied spread-eagled on a bed. Then, said Sams, Seale asked: "What do you do with a pig? A pig is a pig. Off [kill] the _____. The Panthers compiled, Sams told authorities



PANTHERS AT OAKLAND COURTHOUSE PROTESTING NEWTON TRIAL

A dangerous incitement to psychotic action.

to authorities, they have won widespread sympathy among the nation's black, especially among black youth, many of whom see them as romantic heroes. Surprisingly, the sentiment is also strong among older and more successful blacks, some of whom may see the Panthers as surrogate revolutionaries, willing and able to do the things that they would like but are unable to do themselves. They also inspire considerable fear in the black community, which doubtless explains some of their newspaper sales, if not more substantial financial support.

The Panthers have a considerable base of support among white liberals, many of whom seem to back the Panthers to assuage their guilt at not doing more to change the system. The relationship is an odd one. Panthers treat their white supporters like penitents, accepting their money and then calling them "honkies" and worse. Displaying a strange sense of masochism, whites take it and come back for more. At a recent party at the home of Author Jessica Mitford to raise funds for the Panthers, Hilliard engaged in a shouting match with Chicago Seven Defendant Tom Hayden. "You mother----!" cried Hilliard. "Bobby Seale

lagging behind. If you don't wake up, you're all gonna find yourselves dead or in concentration camps." The students loved it and showed their appreciation by going on a rock-throwing spree.

Some police credit the Panthers with an additional source of funds—robberies. The Panthers, in turn, insist that there is a coordinated effort to destroy their organization and kill or imprison their leaders. That is how they view the impending trial of Bobby Seale in New Haven.

A Pig Is a Pig. Seale and seven others were variously accused of murder, kidnapping or conspiracy by a Connecticut grand jury. Last May 22, authorities discovered the burned, bullet-punctured body of New York Panther Alex Rackley in the Coginchaug River marshlands near Middlefield, Conn. That same day the police raided Panther headquarters in New Haven. Their haul was impressive. In addition to some guns, ammunition and Panther literature, they found a tape recording of Rackley's trial by a kangaroo court on suspicion of being a police informer.

The tape indicates that Panther suspicion of Rackley began with inquiries

that Seale ordered the others to "get rid of all his fingerprints around the house." Then he described how Rackley was taken from the bed to a car and then to the river. "At the swamp, Alex was offed," said Sams. "Warren [Kimbrough] shot him first. Lonnie [McLucas] hit him a second time. We were told not to come back unless he was dead." Rackley was very much so.

Admissible Tapes. Seale and his co-defendants reject the murder charge. Panthers claim that Rackley was a Panther in good standing, and say that his death was engineered by Sams, who they contend was working with the police. They also claim that Sams is mentally incompetent, and have succeeded in obtaining a court-ordered psychiatric examination for him.

But even if the court finds Sams to be mentally unstable, the police still believe they have a case against the New Haven Eight. The court has ruled that the tape describing Rackley's torture and trial is admissible as evidence. The police themselves have a pistol seized at Panther headquarters in New Haven. Ballistics experts assert that it was the same weapon that killed Rackley.

Chappaquiddick: Suspicions Renewed

FACED with a brutal truth, the mind can rebel and seek escape in fantasy. As Senator Edward Kennedy explained at the January inquest into the death of Mary Jo Kopechne, his mind did just that on the morning following the tragedy at Chappaquiddick last July. It tried to believe that somehow Mary Jo had survived the plunge into Poucha Pond. Said Kennedy: "I willed that she remained alive."

Later in the inquest, Kennedy tried to explain one of the most incomprehensible aspects of the Kopechne case—why he failed to summon help immediately after her, his cousin Joseph Gargan and friend Paul Markham had

road bearing left led to the ferry. A dirt road going right led to Dike Bridge and a deserted beach. Said Boyle: "I infer that Kennedy and Kopechne did not intend to return to Edgartown at that time; that Kennedy did not intend to drive to the ferry slip and his turn onto Dike Road was intentional."

Boyle drew his inferences from several new points established at the inquest. One was that Kennedy visited the island a few hours before the party, which was attended by the six "boiler-room girls" from Bobby Kennedy's 1968 presidential campaign and five of Ted's men friends. The testimony made it clear that Kennedy that day crossed

her purse in the Senator's Oldsmobile.

The transcript does not explain one of the case's most glaring inconsistencies: the discrepancy between the testimony of Christopher Look, a part-time deputy sheriff, and Kennedy over the probable time of the accident. Kennedy testified that he left the cottage with Mary Jo at approximately 11:15 p.m. on July 18, and did not stop his car before it ran off the bridge. Those at the party confirm Kennedy's departure time. But Look testified that while returning from work in Edgartown he saw a car fitting the description of Kennedy's stopped near the turn to Dike Road about 12:40 a.m., nearly half an hour after Kennedy said



MARY JO KOPECHNE



DIKE BRIDGE
"We cannot escape history."



EDWARD KENNEDY

failed to rescue Mary Jo. Said the Senator: "I was completely convinced . . . that no further help and assistance would do Mary Jo any more good. I realized that she must be drowned and still in the car at this time, and it appeared the question in my mind was what should be done about the accident."

Precisely what he did—and did not do—about the accident might have been cleared up by the long-delayed publication of the inquest record. Instead, the 763-page transcript only rekindled suspicions that have surrounded the case from the outset. The report of Justice James Boyle, the crusty Vineyarder who presided over the inquest, concluded that "negligence" on Kennedy's part "appears" to have contributed to the accident. Kennedy admitted traveling at 20 m.p.h. over treacherous Dike Bridge; Boyle termed that speed excessive. Worse, from Kennedy's viewpoint, was Boyle's official finding challenging Kennedy's story that he and Mary Jo left a party to go to the ferry that would take them from Chappaquiddick to their separate lodgings in Edgartown. A paved

Dike Bridge twice and traveled the ferry road three times; the implication was that he was not unfamiliar with the geography.

Boyle was disturbed as well by the fact that Kennedy told only his chauffeur, Jack Crimmins, that he was leaving the party with Mary Jo, while the young woman herself told no one. Also, Mary Jo left her purse behind when she departed with Kennedy and failed to ask her roommate for the key to their motel room.

Time Difference. According to the eleven surviving participants, the party was sedate. They said that there was no heavy drinking, but a good deal of casual ambling around the cottage. Kennedy said that he had two rum and Cokes. Mary Jo consumed a small amount of alcohol. The inquest also confirmed why Rosemary Keough's purse, and not Mary Jo's, was later found in the Senator's submerged car. Miss Keough, it seemed, had accompanied Charles Trotter, one of Kennedy's friends, on a trip back to Edgartown for a radio earlier in the evening, and had left

he had returned to the cottage on foot, and more than an hour after the Senator said that the accident had occurred. Spotting at least two passengers and thinking that they might be lost, Look said, he stopped his car and began to walk toward the halted vehicle, only to see it start down Dike Road toward the bridge. Look did not follow the car, but he did notice its license plate. He testified that it began with the letter L and had 75 as the first and last digits. Kennedy's license plate was L78207.

Look could, of course, have been mistaken. But if he really did spot Kennedy's car, then the accident could not have occurred when Kennedy said it did, and it is highly improbable that Kennedy and his friends would have had time for the rescue attempts they claimed to have made before Kennedy was seen in Edgartown. This would mean that Kennedy lied or erred about both the time of the accident and the events that followed it, and that those at the party were, at the very least, mistaken in their statements that he returned to the cottage at 12:15. One other pos-

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sibility was that Kennedy and Mary Jo left the cottage at 11:15 but did not actually drive off until later.

The transcript told a great deal about Kennedy's state of mind at the time of the accident. In a televised act of contrition a week after Chappaquiddick, the Senator was uncertain as to the length of time he spent trying to rescue Mary Jo and vague as to how long it took him to make his way back to the cottage where his friends were partying. By the time of the inquest, his memory had improved considerably. His testimony vividly described his and Mary Jo's struggles to get out of the overturned car and his own seemingly miraculous escape: "I can remember the last sensation of being completely out of air and inhaling what must have been half a lungful of water and assuming that I was going to drown and that no one was going to be looking for us that night until the next morning, and then somehow I can remember coming up to the last energy of just pushing, pressing and coming up to the surface."

He was even more specific on what happened after he surfaced and caught his breath some 30 feet downstream from the car. According to his account, he dived down to the car seven or eight times during a 15- to 20-minute period, trying to reach Mary Jo, then spent another 15 or 20 minutes resting on the bank before starting down the road to the cottage.

Kennedy's companions placed his return to the cottage at 12:15 a.m. Gargan and Markham told almost identical stories of their return to the bridge with Kennedy, and their attempts to bring up Mary Jo. Gargan and Markham insisted that they advised Kennedy repeatedly to report the accident and summon help. By the time the trio reached the Chappaquiddick ferry landing, Kennedy seemed to agree. Believing somehow that a full explanation would send Mary Jo's girl friends down to the bridge in a fruitless—and dangerous—attempt to dive for her themselves, Kennedy instructed Markham and Gargan not to alarm them, said that he would take care of reporting the accident, then plunged alone into the channel and swam across to Edgartown. This despite the fact that the ferry could have been summoned by telephone. Gargan acknowledged that earlier in the day he had discussed post-midnight ferry service with the boat operators. Also, a sign giving instructions about the service was at the landing.

"Moral Strength." Kennedy did not report the accident on reaching Edgartown. Instead, he returned to his hotel, changed his clothes and, after a brief conversation with Innkeeper Russell Peachey in which he pointedly asked the time (2:25 a.m.), paced the floor of his room until daylight. Then occurred one of the more bizarre events in an already fantastic case. Rhode Island businessman Ross Richards, who had won

the previous day's sailing race, testified that he ran into Kennedy outside the hotel around 7:30 a.m. Giving no indication in manner or appearance that anything out of the ordinary had happened, Kennedy calmly discussed boating, even said that he might accept Richards' invitation to join him and his friends for breakfast.

He was still chatting with Richards and others when Gargan and Markham arrived at the hotel and asked him what he had done about the accident. He had done nothing. As Kennedy explained at the inquest: "I just couldn't gain the strength within me, the moral strength, to call Mrs. Kopechne at 2 in the morning and tell her that her daughter was dead." It was 9 before Kennedy notified the police. It was still

charges, such as negligent driving or perjury, against Kennedy if he felt that they were warranted; instead, he merely wrote a report implying negligence and questioning Kennedy's credibility. Last week Boyle, 63, retired after 36 years of court service.

No one is more disturbed by these loose ends than Kennedy himself. He knew for weeks that Boyle's report was coming; he was predictably infuriated by it. "I responded as completely and as truthfully as I could to the questions that were put to me by the judge as well as the district attorney," Kennedy said. "It's my own personal view that the inferences and ultimate conclusions are not satisfactory, and I reject those."

There is little Kennedy can do to ameliorate his situation, and he realizes this only too well. Asked last week if he would have anything further to say about Chappaquiddick, Kennedy answered firmly: "No, never." But he did speak out on other matters. Continuing his emergence into public life, he appeared on his first broadcast interview program in two years, using the occasion to reiterate his claim that he will not be a presidential candidate in 1972. He addressed a group of Boston advertising people and branded as "madness" President Nixon's decision to carry the Viet Nam War across the border into Cambodia. He also kept his promise to the Boston Pops Orchestra to narrate Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait*. The occasion was not without a touch of irony. The opening lines of the narrative quote Lincoln: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We . . . will be remembered in spite of ourselves."

HISTORICAL NOTES A Mellower L.B.J.

The first two installments of Lyndon Johnson's televised reminiscences of his White House days were so marred by self-serving adjustments of history that neither L.B.J.'s friends nor his foes knew what wrinkles of the record to expect from Chapter 3 last week. Knowing the former President, they should not have been surprised by the absence of any. The latest CBS program, filmed last fall, showed a typical change of pace and mood.

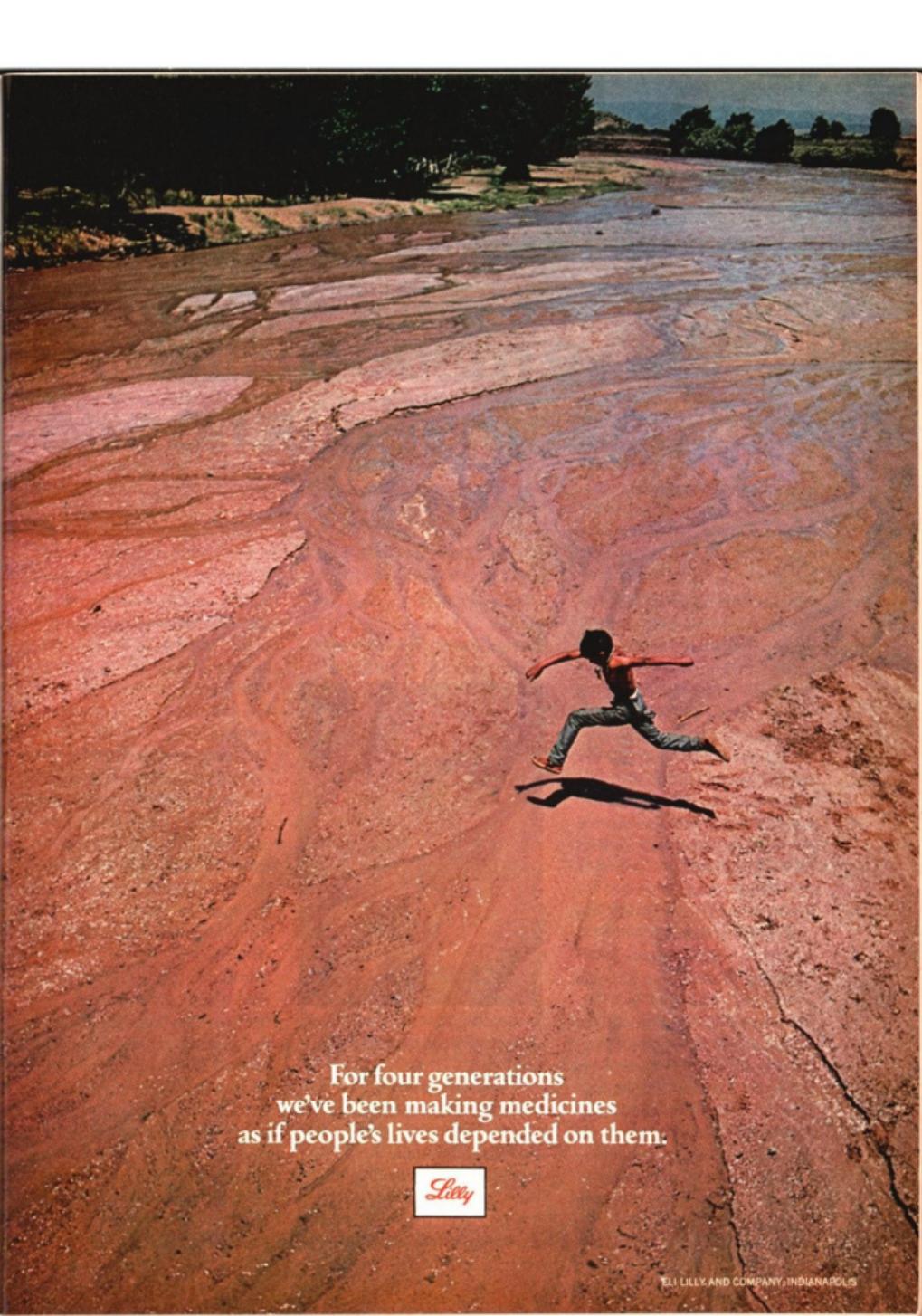
This was a subdued and thoughtful Johnson, talking slowly and occasionally eloquently about the tragic, cosmic events surrounding John Kennedy's assassination, his own dealings with the Kennedys and his assumption of power after Dallas. He described his relations with J.F.K. as "friendly, cordial, but not personally intimate." Johnson conveyed the impression that he and Kennedy carried on a professional and political partnership, carefully adding: "We were not like brothers; we were not constant companions." He persuasively denied reports—by J.F.K.'s secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, for one—that Kennedy planned to replace him as vice-presidential candidate in 1964. It was well



JUSTICE BOYLE
Implication, not indictment.

later—around 11 a.m.—that Gargan told the five women who had been at the party that Mary Jo was dead.

The release of the transcript and Justice Boyle's report seemed to preclude any further criminal action against Kennedy, though a new grand jury investigation is theoretically possible. But it did nothing to solve the mysteries that still surround the case or to resolve the doubts about Kennedy's veracity. It also failed to account for local officials' inept handling of the case from beginning to end. Police Chief Dominic Arena never asked Kennedy why he had not reported the accident for nine hours. District Attorney Edmund Dinius seemed noticeably reluctant to enter the case at all, then pressed belatedly—and vainly—for court permission to exhume Mary Jo's body so that an autopsy could be performed. His questions throughout the inquest were somewhat less than probing. Justice Boyle's handling of the inquest findings was inconclusive. He was empowered to bring



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—Interview with Roy Marks,
Group Chairman—Health & Leisure, Western
USA Group, U.S. Industries, Inc.

Marks: Who on earth wants to wear glasses? No one, really. So you really can't create a demand for the product. Of course, your sales go up with population growth. But if you want your company to grow faster than that, you have to penetrate the market deeper and really be aggressive. Run strong advertising. Outsell your competition. We've done pretty well. In fact, we've made millions selling something no one wants.

Interviewer: You've always been in the optical business?

Marks: I was president of an optical manufacturing company until 1962. That's the year I joined up with two men who had an old established optical company in Chicago. Eventually we acquired three similar companies in Los Angeles, Seattle, and Detroit. Our advertising people came up with a catchy name for the group of companies. Optimax. Our plan was to build a package that had a good growth rate in both sales and

pre-tax profits over a five-year period.

Int: And after the five years?

Marks: As soon as we had a



substantial package that looked attractive we were going to go public.

Int: What happened?

Marks: It's not that easy. There are problems with going public. For one thing, there are SEC regulations about selling your stock. And all sorts of tax problems. So we wouldn't be able to get our estates liquid. The other

choice was to get married to a company that was already public. We talked to about six different organizations. USI was one of them.

Int: Why did USI want your company?

Marks: They were looking for a cornerstone company in the health care business. It's a booming market. The Federal Government alone has plans for spending something like \$400 billion on health care in the next ten years.

Int: What made you decide to go with USI?

Marks: Well, a couple of companies I talked to wanted to retire me. They wanted to change the business and run it themselves. USI was just the opposite. They insisted that my partners and I stay on and run the company. USI figures that if a guy can make a company a success, he's a pretty good man to have on their side. I certainly wasn't ready to be put out to pasture. I knew I could still grow.

Int: You mean financial growth?

Marks: No. That's really not one of my objectives anymore. You know the tax story; you can only make so much money. I'm talking about personal growth. This has happened to me at USI. Recently I was made a group chairman and my responsibilities now cover a much broader base of operations. My group will do about \$80 million worth of business this year.

Int: How many market groups are there at USI?

Marks: At the moment, USI is concentrating on seven basic markets: health and leisure, services, shelter and furnishings, plastics and petrochemicals, apparel, industrial systems, and construction.

Int: Why these particular markets?

Marks: Because the potential for growth in these areas is practically limitless. And at the same time, they're durable markets. USI stays away from areas that are too cyclical. Some companies have fantastic records, but are in very hazardous markets. Hula hoop companies were great in the short term, but that's not what we're looking for.

Int: The individual companies that make up USI are relatively small. Why is that?

Marks: Again the answer is growth. A company's rate of growth slows down as it gets bigger. USI's companies all have plenty of room left to grow. And they're run by successful entrepreneurs who can make that growth come about. USI always stresses internal

growth, not just growth through acquisition.

Int: How much internal growth does USI expect from its companies?

Marks: USI looks for at least fifteen per cent internal growth each year. Optimax had eighteen per cent internal growth last year. But many of USI's companies go way beyond the minimum. Forty per cent internal growth, for instance, isn't unusual at USI. Since we went with USI, we've also added several companies which are now part of Optimax. These acquisitions never would have been possible without USI, nor would their internal growth since merging have been possible without USI.

Int: Do you object to USI being called a conglomerate?

Marks: In a sense, yes. It labels us, and I don't believe we're like some of the other conglomerates. We don't raid corporations. We don't move in right after acquisition and try to change everything. We do our very best to have the acquired president stay on as president of his company. We don't go after giant companies that would seriously harm USI if they went sour. It's all right to call USI a conglomerate as long as you know what it really means in our case.

Int: Do you think USI will ever get so big it becomes inefficient?

Marks: No. The management concept of USI should prevent inefficiency, no matter how

large we get. USI is really a lot of diversified companies that are still being run by the men that made them successful. Sure, USI sets certain goals. And they demand performance. They know exactly how well you're doing. But there's no guy sitting in an office a thousand miles away saying, "Do this, do that."

Int: So USI really means it when they say you'll have autonomy?

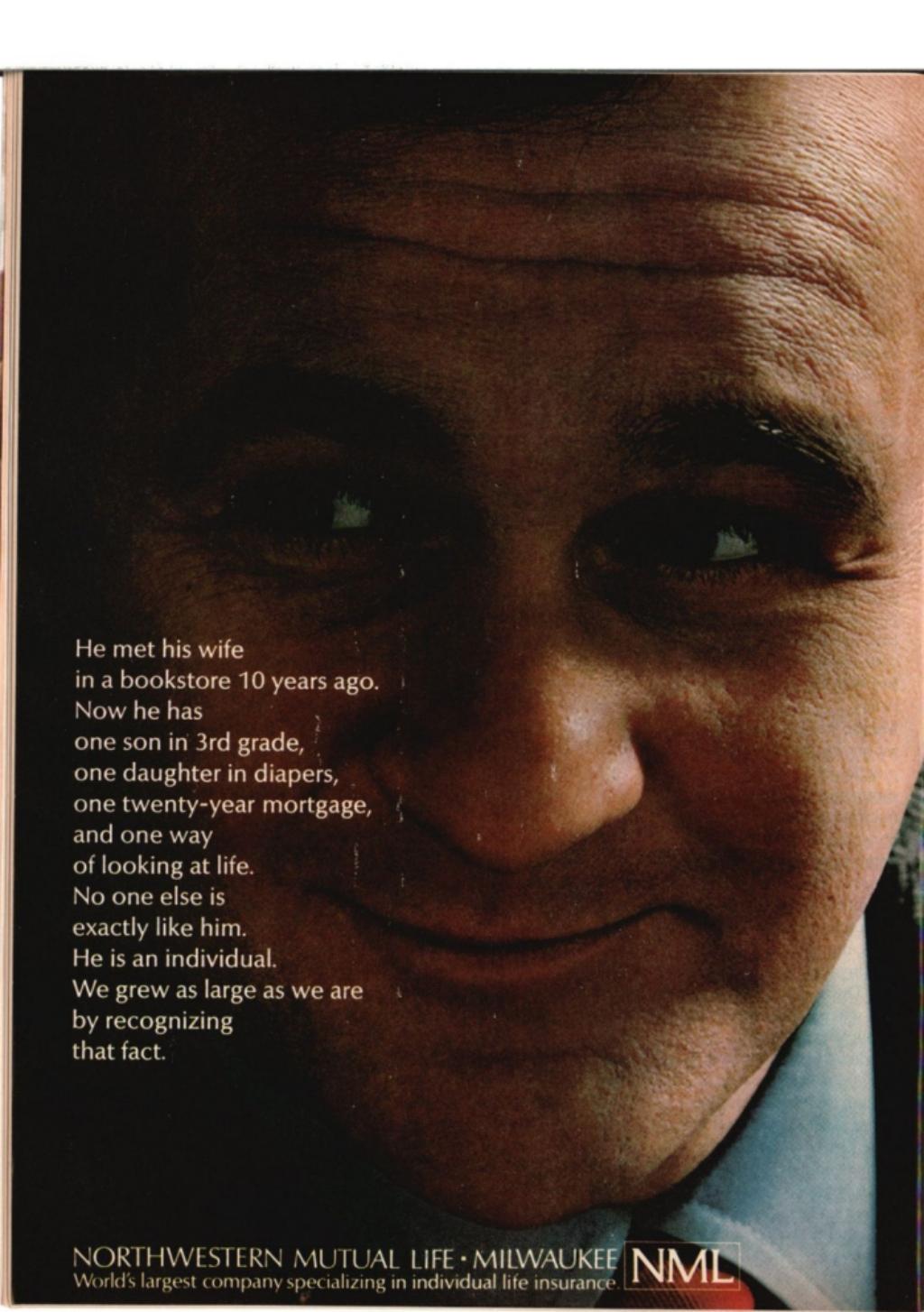
Marks: In many ways it's even more autonomy than I expected. When you're working for yourself, you're the only one who's affected by your decisions. So your autonomy has a very limited range. But my autonomy under USI is an entirely different thing. It carries a lot of responsibility with it. Before I make any decision, I have to look at the whole USI picture, because my actions are going to affect a lot of people. I think this is why the people at USI are better managers now than they were before they joined USI. I know it sure sharpened me up.

Int: USI has grown from \$109 million to \$1 billion in sales in five years. How long can you continue that kind of growth?

Marks: Quite a while. I think USI will continue to show superior growth because of the quality of the men that run our companies. These men were successes before they came to USI. And they want to be even more successful now that their future is tied up with USI. I have complete confidence in the future of USI.



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known that J.F.K. considered him vital in holding the South. Johnson also rejected—with less justification—contentions by Author William Manchester and others that there was friction with Kennedy people aboard Air Force One on the return from Dallas.

Omission. Johnson's treatment of Mrs. Kennedy was duly courteous, though Jackie never bore much affection for the big, earthy Texan. He described her appearance after the assassination as "a tragic thing to observe. Here was this delicate, beautiful lady, always elegant, always fastidious. And what that morning was a beautiful, unspoiled, nicely pressed pink garment that was the last word in fashion and style and looks . . . and she still had the same garment on, but it was streaked and caked and soiled throughout with her husband's blood."

So low-keyed was Johnson's hour that it is likely to be remembered mainly for what was not said. L.B.J. exercised his contractual right with CBS, and forced the deletion of remarks he had made about the Warren Commission's findings on grounds of national security. In the excised portion, Johnson expressed lingering doubts about the commission's "single assassin" finding.

Despite the mellow tone, there were still traces of the old bitterness, the craving for sympathy. In his only show of anger, L.B.J. charged that some of the holdovers from the Kennedy days "undermined [Johnson's] Administration, and bored from within to create problems for us, and leaked information that was slanted and things of that nature." He said he did not know if there was any anti-Johnson "cult," or if it had been led by Robert Kennedy. Who were the villains? Johnson would not say. Presumably they were members of the White House staff rather than the Cabinet. Johnson probably had Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin in mind. Their offense was reported disloyalty to L.B.J. and criticism on the war issue. However, another Viet Nam critic, Theodore Sorensen, won L.B.J.'s praise.

A Hero. Johnson acknowledged the difficulties of following a martyr, and a stylish one at that: "I had many problems in my conduct of the office being contrasted with President Kennedy's conduct of the office, with my manner of dealing with things and his manner, with my accent and his accent, with my background and his background. He was a great public hero, and anything that I did that someone didn't approve of, they would always feel that President Kennedy wouldn't have done that."

Yet Johnson maintains that he was Kennedy's faithful successor and "executor." "After I finished writing and completing and enacting and inaugurating and putting into execution the dreams that he had, I started on my own." He added, almost as an afterthought: "I had some too."



BENTSEN
Undeserved slurs.

TEXAS Democratic Primary,

G.O.P. Gain

For Texans it was like old times before the emergence of a viable Republican Party. The only significant elections then were the Democratic primaries, and the party could afford winging battles over faction, ideology and personalities without fear of losing office. Now the G.O.P. holds one Texas Senate seat and has an attractive U.S. Representative running for the other. The Democrats seem not to notice. Last week they wound up an old-fashioned brawl for the Senate nomination,



YARBOROUGH
Infuriated backers.

just as if the G.O.P. did not exist. The result, according to unofficial returns Saturday night, was defeat for incumbent Senator Ralph Yarborough at the hands of businessman Lloyd Bentsen Jr. The G.O.P. is likely to be the ultimate victor.

Genfeel. The Texas Democratic Party long ago split into two bitterly feuding camps. Yarborough, 66, relies on a New Dealish grassroots coalition of labor, liberals, East Texas blue-collar workers, blacks and Mexican Americans. This formula has kept him in the Senate for 13 years. Son of an East Texas farmer, the rural-oriented Yarborough is folksy and stubborn. Probably the South's most liberal Senator, he is a pariah among the state's conservative oil, banking and commercial interests. Recently he infuriated some of his backers by voting against the Supreme Court nomination of a Southerner, G. Harrold Carswell, and thereby became a major Republican target in their drive to take over the Senate.

Yarborough's conservative opponent, Bentsen, 49, differs from him in almost every way. Scion of a wealthy Rio Grande family, Bentsen is genteel but wooden. A former Congressman, he heads a \$400 million insurance company and sits on the boards of a number of banks and an oil company. Bentsen was lured back into politics by Yarborough's old foe, ex-Governor John Connally, in a well-organized drive to scuttle Yarborough. The conservative faction put together an effective campaign estimated to cost close to \$2,000,000, relying heavily on television advertising, while Yarborough spent a meager \$200,000. Connally's mentor, Lyndon Johnson, remained officially neutral, but Bentsen had the help of several old Johnson aides, including Press Secretary George Christian.

War Profiteer. Yarborough ignored Bentsen's challenge at first; voters showed little interest in the campaign, and Bentsen was hardly known. The incumbent was concentrating instead on the November contest with Republican George Bush, a cool, articulate conservative. As primary day approached, however, polls showed Bentsen narrowing Yarborough's lead, and the race degenerated into an ill-natured battle. Yarborough called his opponent a "war profiteer" and "tax dodger," both undeserved slurs, while Bentsen linked Yarborough to disorders in Chicago and Washington because of his support of Eugene McCarthy and the peace movement.

On election day, Yarborough was unable to rally enough of his traditional support to overcome the electorate's disinterest and to offset the votes of Republicans who crossed party lines to vote for Bentsen. Yarborough's East Texas stronghold deserted him, mainly over the Carswell issue. While Yarborough's friends stayed home, his enemies did not. Thus, the Democrats were deprived of their best chance to defeat the G.O.P.'s Bush next fall.

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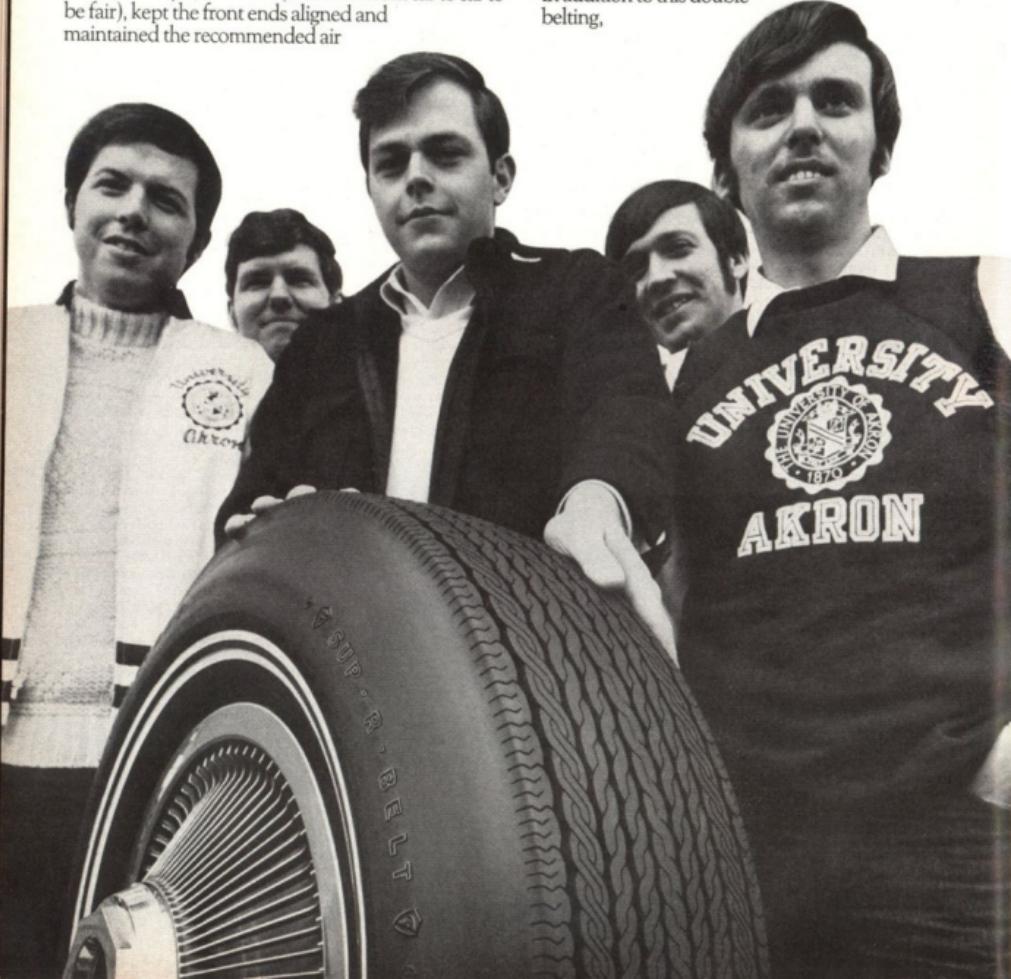
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Sup-R-Belt that has been test
driven over 50,000 miles.



Cities: York's Charette

THIS is the first time that black and white have done anything like this together," said an elderly black woman. One young white housewife in the midst of a group of black students wearing POWER TO THE PEOPLE buttons marveled: "There we were, and we were all worrying about the same problems."

Getting together to talk about common concerns may seem an unexpected event. Granted, the eight days of discussions that ended last week in York, Pa., produced no miraculous cures for the aching city of 50,000. Yet the women's pride was justified. York, Governor Raymond Shafer said recently, is "one of the most tense communities in Penn-

sylvania as far as race relations go." Facing the usual array of urban inadequacies and the possibility of a third consecutive summer of violence, blacks and whites have been trying not only to limit confrontation to talking rather than fighting, but also to take an active part in planning cures for the community's ills.

Pour and Search. They chose a novel format called the *charrette*, a kind of civic group therapy in which all parts of the community, assisted by outside experts, are encouraged to pour out their complaints and to work together in search of specific reforms. Developed two years ago for an urban education project at Ohio State University's School of Architecture, the *charrette** depends on the constant interplay of ideas. Its most im-

portant aspect is the participation of people normally outside the decision-making process. When the concept was imported to York by the city's Community Progress Council, a federally financed antipoverty agency, it was broadened to encompass all areas of community concern.

The need for it was obvious. A deceptively picturesque city in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania Dutch country, York harbors all the problems besetting larger urban centers across the land. The community's 6,000 blacks live in constant fear of the police, particularly a well-trained canine corps. York ranks below the state average in virtually ev-

ery health index. There is a shortage of low-income housing and public transportation. Whites, fearing unrest in the central city, have been moving to the suburbs. Population and the tax base are going down. In 1968 and 1969 racial clashes occurred in the city. Last summer, after a black woman and a white policeman were shot to death, the National Guard was summoned.

Sensitivity and Jobs. The committees presented their final reports to a group that had grown from 150 to 650 people. The proposals were as wide-ranging as the city's problems: among them a citizens' housing council to bring existing housing groups under one umbrella, a city community health center and mobile clinic for the county, more Neighborhood Youth Corps jobs, the county vocational school to remain open through the summer, and sensitivity training courses for white teachers and students. One of the committees also urged that police dogs not be used against people.

When the *charrette* ended, there was no way of telling immediately just how much had been accomplished. Indeed, Mayor Eichelberger, though pledging to work with *charrette* proposals, said that he had no intention of forcing the police to disband the canine corps. In case the point was lost, he said that he would maintain law and order at all costs. But there were slight signs of progress. Within 24 hours, Superintendent of Schools Dr. Charles H. Walters announced the institution of a sensitivity training course in one of York's elementary schools. In response to a complaint from Spanish-speaking citizens, D.A. Fitzkee promised to have the cards advising arrested persons of their constitutional rights printed in Spanish as well as English. Finally, the *charrette* committees agreed to remain intact. If the new group succeeds, the city will at least be taking a crucial first step toward healing itself; York's citizens will continue to talk and plan together.



RIDDICK ADDRESSES "CHARRETTE" SESSION IN YORK
First step toward healing.

sylvania as far as race relations go." Facing the usual array of urban inadequacies and the possibility of a third consecutive summer of violence, blacks and whites have been trying not only to limit confrontation to talking rather than fighting, but also to take an active part in planning cures for the community's ills.

Pour and Search. They chose a novel format called the *charrette*, a kind of civic group therapy in which all parts of the community, assisted by outside experts, are encouraged to pour out their complaints and to work together in search of specific reforms. Developed two years ago for an urban education project at Ohio State University's School of Architecture, the *charrette** depends on the constant interplay of ideas. Its most im-

portant aspect is the participation of people normally outside the decision-making process. When the concept was imported to York by the city's Community Progress Council, a federally financed antipoverty agency, it was broadened to encompass all areas of community concern.

The need for it was evident. Blacks clashed bitterly and repeatedly with police over alleged discriminatory practices and the use of dogs against people. "If Whitey wants the dogs, let him vote for their use in his community!" one man shouted. "They're not wanted in the black areas." "If we had good policemen, there'd be no need for dogs," said another. For their part, the two attending policemen took the lambasting fairly calmly, admitting that there was a "100 percent breakdown in communications between police and segments of the community"—meaning the blacks. Discrimination was charged in virtually every sector of civic life.

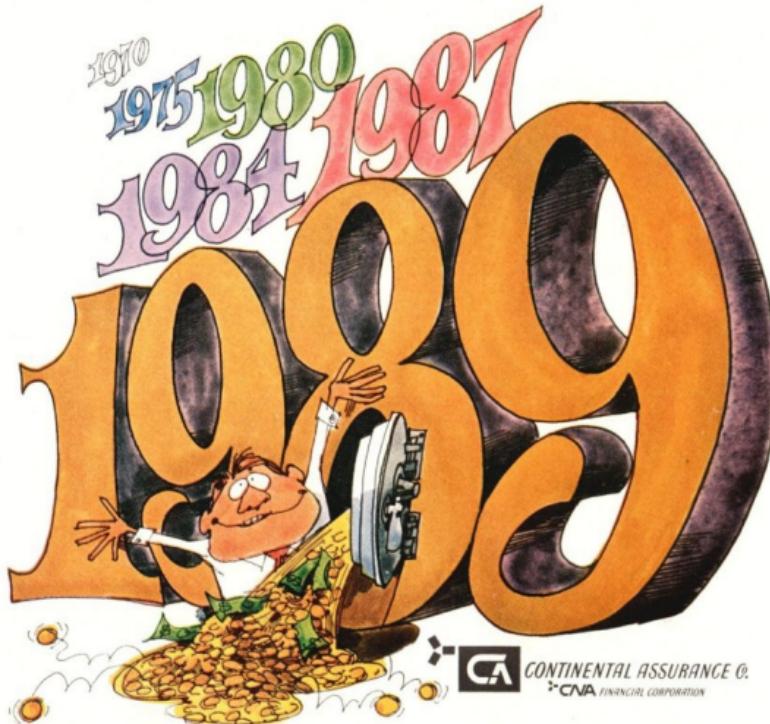
* The term derives from the days when French architecture students at L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts used a two-wheeled cart, or *charrette*, to pick up their design drawings. Sometimes, guided by some final inspiration, they worked hastily *en charrette* during the trip to the school.

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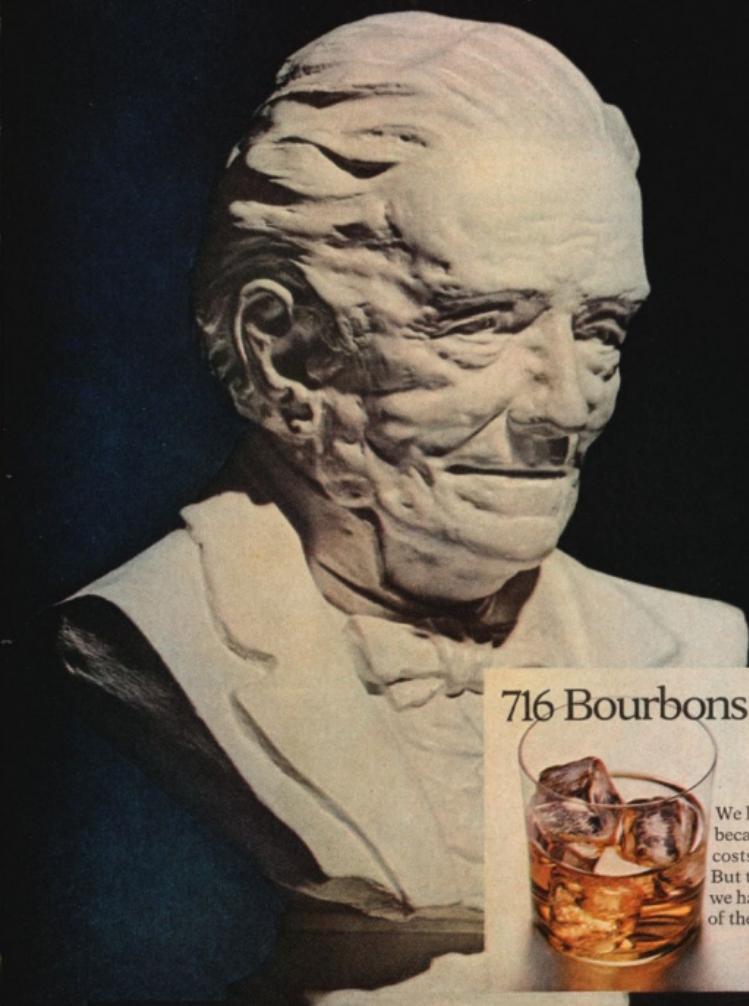
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THE WORLD

Relief for Egypt, Anxiety for Israel

THE lights of Cairo, partially blacked out since January as a precaution against Israeli air raids, blinked brightly again last week. Atop the control tower at Cairo Airport, the beacon shone once more into the night. Once more, too, the strings of lights that decorate restaurants along the banks of the Nile danced over the dark waters. Obviously, the Egyptians no longer felt nearly so apprehensive about the possibility of Israeli air raids. The reason? During the past month, the Russians who now help man Egypt's defense have not only set up new SA-3 antiaircraft missiles to protect Egyptian cities, but have also begun

helping us liberate our occupied lands."

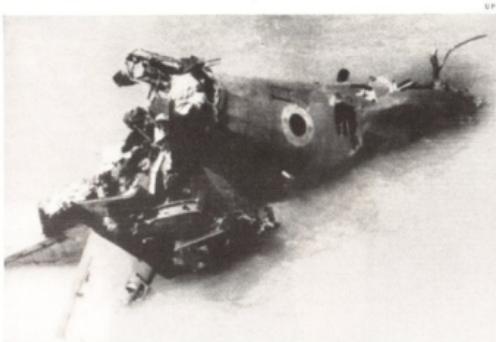
Russia's new role in the Middle East air represents a significant increase in Soviet involvement, since it seriously limits the striking scope of Israel's most potent weapon, its airpower. In addition to equipping and training Egypt's armed forces, the Soviets have, in effect, assumed an important share of responsibility for the air defense of the country's cities and industrial areas. For the Israelis, this means that the highly effective option of striking deep into Egypt can no longer be taken without fear of a direct confrontation with the Russians. At the same time, Egyptian pilots, who

bombers also hit Israeli positions along the canal. On three separate occasions, Egyptian commandos launched across-the-canal assaults on Israeli bunkers.

Three Options. By far the most important Egyptian assault, however, has been a renewed artillery barrage along the Suez. Aided by Soviet advisers, the Egyptians have assembled 800 artillery pieces along the canal's 101-mile length and have laid down an accurate and systematic barrage that has sent as many as 1,000 shells an hour crashing into one Israeli fortification. As a result, Israeli casualties —27 killed and 66 wounded in April



GOLDA MEIR



WRECKAGE OF DOWNED EGYPTIAN IL-28 BOMBER

Under the Russian umbrella, bright lights and bombardment.



GAMAL ABDEL NASSER

to fly Egyptian-marked MIG-21s over Egyptian territory to defend those sites from Israeli intruders.

The new Russian involvement naturally upset the Israelis, who last week made headlines throughout the world by announcing that Soviet pilots were aloft with loaded cannon over Egypt. Actually, more than 100 Soviet pilots have been flying in Egypt for at least two years, training Egyptian pilots. The new factor is that they have begun to patrol a picket line west of the canal and over Egyptian cities.

Seeking Coexistence. Though Soviet aircraft have avoided the direct combat area over Suez, the Israelis branded the Russian role as "alarming." Said Jerusalem: "The Soviet decision to dispatch what are to all intents and purposes regular units of the Soviet air force against Israel is without precedent and parallel." Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser could hardly be expected to see it that way. At a May Day rally near Cairo, he ridiculed the Israeli charges of Soviet involvement as "a great comedy." Declared Nasser: "The Soviet Union is not helping us launch aggression. It is

in short supply, will be partially freed from defensive roles to turn their none-too-impressive talents against positions in Israeli-occupied territory.

To avoid an aerial encounter with the Soviets, the Israelis have not flown deep-penetration raids into Egypt since April 13. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan has openly declared that Israel must seek a coexistence with the Soviets in the skies above Egypt. By that he means that Israel will restrict its raids to the immediate canal area if the Soviets will keep their aircraft only over Egyptian cities. So far, that uneasy *modus vivendi* has worked.

Emboldened by Soviet protection, the Egyptians have seized the military initiative for the first time since last July, when Israeli airpower virtually silenced Egyptian batteries along the Suez. Subsequently, Israeli jets began hitting industrial and military targets deep inside Egypt. Cairo last week sent two Russian-made IL-28 bombers to raid the town of El Arish in the northern Sinai, destroying an ice factory and a herd of cattle before Israeli fighters shot down at least one of the planes. Egyptian fighter-

—have been the highest for the Suez front since last July.

The Israelis understandably sought to dramatize the heightened Soviet involvement. They also warned that they would take on the Russians if their own security was imperiled. "We do not want to inflict casualties on the Soviet pilots or any other pilots," said Premier Golda Meir, "but we have no choice." Later she added: "Other nations can surrender and still live, but we do not have that alternative." Defense Minister Moshe Dayan warned that if aerial coexistence failed, the situation could lead to "something we did not intend—our attacking the Russians and Russians attacking our aircraft. In whatever words you may wish to define it, this means war with the Russians." In addition, Dayan warned that Israel must not allow itself to be maneuvered into a situation in which it would have no option except to obey the dictates of other powers. "Let us not allow things to so develop that one day we find ourselves down to the last bullet," he said.

Unless the U.S. takes a stand in the

Middle East strong enough to scare off the Russians—and few expect that they will be easily scared—the Israelis feel that they have only three options: 1) to retain the present borders and hope for the best; 2) to compromise and seek a peace arrangement; or 3) to mobilize and strike hard and fast with the aim of destroying the Egyptian armed forces before the Soviets can bring in sufficient reinforcements.

Sign of Weakness. Golda Meir sent off a private letter to Richard Nixon, but the President, preoccupied with Indochina, said only that his Administration would take "another hard look" at the Israeli request for additional Phantoms and Skyhawks. Israeli diplomats in Washington tried to convince State Department officials that the U.S. refusal to sell more planes to Israel had been interpreted by the Russians as a

ARMAMENTS

In the Wake of Mao's Moon

The Italians christened it "Mao's moon." The British said its recording of *The East Is Red* sounded somewhat like the chiming of an ice-cream wagon. Though the "moon's" batteries were running down, the message that China's 380-lb. satellite delivered as it orbited the earth last week was clear enough. Peking's space feat would inevitably affect the course of the SALT talks between the U.S. and the Soviet Union at Vienna, and ultimately it might also set off a nuclear-arms race among a number of smaller powers. In fact, the prospects for enforcing the treaty on banning the spread of nuclear weapons seem more doubtful than ever.

The launching two weeks ago only confirmed Western estimates of China's

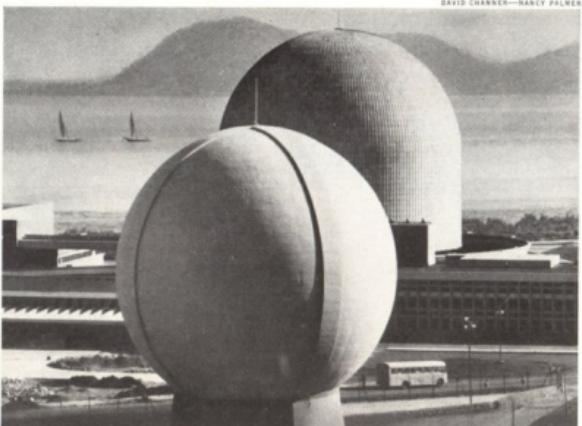
The satellite's first diplomatic impact will probably be on the SALT talks. Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union will feel renewed pressure to build "thin" anti-ballistic missile (ABM) systems; in the U.S., the Nixon Administration's campaign for the \$12.4 billion Safeguard ABM program appeared to gain support in Congress last week. But the pressure on the Soviets will be all the greater because many Siberian bases and towns lie within easy range of Chinese IRBMs. In the Vienna talks, the Soviets are almost certain to insist that any treaty should include provisions allowing both nations to build ABM shields, and permitting either party to renege on certain agreements later if the Chinese military threat should increase. Thus, the Chinese development may set off another upward spiral in the nuclear race.

Threshold Nations. Many diplomats feel that an even more alarming possibility may have on the world's secondary powers. At least nine nations have the wealth and expertise to develop a nuclear bomb. The peaceful use of nuclear energy has, ironically, given them both the know-how and material for making bombs; nuclear reactors used for generating electricity produce many pounds of plutonium, the explosive material in H-bombs. Among these threshold nations are Australia, Canada, West Germany, Italy, Sweden and perhaps South Africa. At a cost of \$1 billion, any of them could build H-bombs and delivery systems within five to ten years. But the likeliest new members of the nuclear club are India, Japan and Israel.

► India, like China and France, has refused to sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. The government has not admitted that it is considering building a nuclear bomb, but it has studied the costs. India already has a nuclear power station and a chemical separation plant (necessary for extracting plutonium from uranium in the making of nuclear weapons). Within four to five years India expects to launch a satellite. In parliamentary debates last week in New Delhi, opposition members put pressure on the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to build a bomb. The alternative, wrote *Indian Express* Columnist Nandan Kagal, is "to remain a second-rate power till kingdom come."

► Japan has 25 atomic-power generators in operation, is planning 20 more, and is building its first nuclear-powered merchant ship. But as the only people to have suffered a nuclear holocaust, the Japanese still feel a deep revulsion against nuclear armaments. Nonetheless, as Japan assumes a larger role in Asia, the country may feel the need for the superpower weapons to match its growing international status.

► Israel's 26-megawatt reactor at Dimona in the Negev produces 13 lbs. of plutonium a year—enough to make at least one small nuclear bomb of the

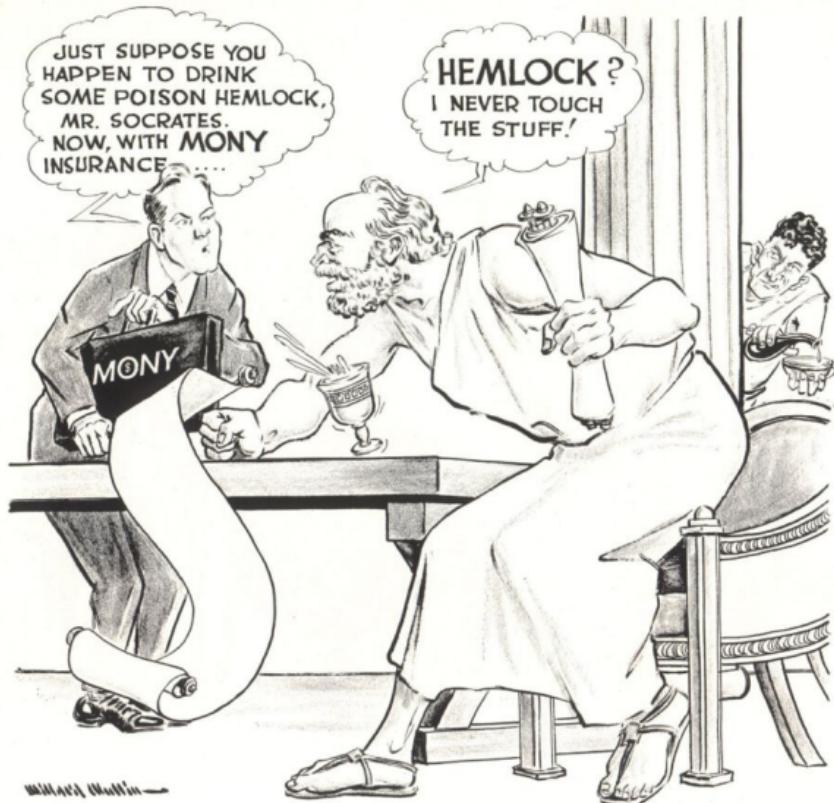


NUCLEAR POWER STATION NEAR BOMBAY
Why wait till kingdom come?

sign of American weakness. It was doubtful that a U.S. warning, even if Washington decided to issue it, would compel the Soviets to diminish their growing involvement in Egypt. Moreover, as long as the Soviet role remains completely defensive, the U.S. would be hard put to fault it. Nor could the Russians back down without suffering a loss of face in the eyes of the sensitive Arabs.

A clash between Israeli and Soviet pilots would be serious enough, but it is far from certain that it would produce a round of all-out combat in the Middle East, much less start World War III. Since the Soviets have denied that they are flying air defense over Egypt, they are under no obligation to admit to casualties or clashes. Aside from such slender consolation, the increased Soviet role obviously raises ominous "what-if" questions that complicate an already complex and dangerous situation.

approaching capability to build and use ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles). The Defense Department had previously speculated that China would have 80 to 100 IRBMs (intermediate range missiles) by the mid-1970s; the first ones, with a range of 1,000 miles, were expected to be deployed some time this year. Studying data about the satellite, some Western scientists believe that it was lofted into orbit by a booster, probably equivalent to the U.S.'s Scout or Redstone rocket. Such a system would also provide enough power to fire a small nuclear warhead 6,000 miles. Since the Chinese have already exploded a missile-type H-bomb warhead, Peking beyond any doubt will, within weeks or months, possess at least the first elements of a nuclear missile force. Chinese reports on the progress of the satellite also showed that they have built an efficient guidance system, which is a necessity for further ICBM development.



(A philosophic fragment from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

MONY MAN: Remember, sir, life's paths take funny twists, and there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and he who hesitates...

SOCRATES: Hold on, friend! Philosophy is my thing. Do your own thing.

MONY MAN: Just getting to it, Mr. Socrates. Look at the amount of coverage your drachmas buy with a MONY life policy.

SOCRATES: Wouldn't my wife Xanthippe like that! Might curb her awful temper.

MONY MAN: And another thing. The

reputation of MONY is so fine it is predicted that in just 2,374 years over 1,450,000 people will be covered by our life and health policies. (Ed. Note: Not a bad estimate. The 1969 report showed 1,585,000.)

SOCRATES: Still, I must say no. The idea of my drinking hemlock is utterly ridiculous. Absolutely preposterous.

Ed. Note: As history sadly records, Socrates some years later was forced to drink poisonous hemlock...leaving wisdom for the world but no drachmas for the family. Which brings us to the following modern philosophy.

MORAL:

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is to prepare
for the unexpected.

The smart way
is with insurance
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size that leveled Nagasaki. The Israelis have vowed that they would not be the first country in the Middle East to acquire nuclear weapons. But they obviously would also not be the last. Speculation is that Israel has merely sought to develop a nuclear "option," and has stopped short of producing a bomb.

The spread of nuclear weapons to smaller powers would create a wide array of new political and technical problems. The nuclear newcomers, including the Chinese, for example, will have only "first-strike" weapons that would sit on unprotected sites. At moments of crisis, these exposed weapons could be wiped out by an enemy attack unless they were fired first. This obviously provides an incentive, however insane, for the smaller power to strike the first blow. The nightmarish prospect of nuclear proliferation may yet require a more sweeping round of nuclear disarmament talks than have been held thus far.

HUNGARY

Resurrection of Rákosi

Hungary's brutal onetime Stalinist boss Mátyás Rákosi ended up badly. In 1956, he was deposed by Nikita Khrushchev as part of a destalinization program and spirited off to the Soviet Union. According to unofficial reports from Russia, he died in 1963 in the Kremlin hospital.

Or did he? For the past year, rumors have been reaching the West that Rákosi is very much alive and living with his Mongolian wife in Southern Siberia. There have also been reports that Rákosi, now 78 and ailing, is anxious to go home to die. According to reports from Budapest, the Hungarian Central Committee last week decided that the old Stalinist would be allowed to return on the condition that he refrain from political activities. Hungarian Leader János Kádár has achieved such a measure of economic and political stability that Rákosi's return no longer poses any threat.

BRITAIN

Remarkable Recovery

HALLO, HAROLD! bannered the cover of London's *Economist*, and British papers, depending upon their bent, either hailed or deplored the sudden re-emergence of Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who only a year ago had seemed well on the way to political oblivion. Following the Labor Party's 1966 landslide victory, which gave it a 97-seat majority in Commons, the Laborites suffered an almost unrelieved series of setbacks. Plagued by problems at home and abroad, they lost one by-election after another to the Conservatives, and Labor's rating in the public opinion polls plummeted so low that one sampling last year showed the Laborites trailing the Tories by a 26.8% margin.

No more. In recent weeks Wilson and his party have achieved a remarkable re-

covery that has touched off speculation about new elections. Two of Britain's major public opinion polls now show the Laborites as having edged slightly ahead of the Tories; the other two show Labor behind but fast overtaking the Conservatives, who only one month ago still had a 5½% to 7½% lead.

Labor's upsurge has been caused by a combination of many factors, including Britain's economic recovery, the establishment of relative peace among the strike-prone unions, and an impressive array of social legislation, most notably the easing of Britain's archaic divorce and abortion laws. Wilson himself has also been a major



WILSON & WIFE
Back from oblivion.

factor. Even during the months of crisis, Wilson remained the unruffled, slightly bemused Oxford don calmly puffing his pipe and stoically waiting for better times. The most recent Harris poll shows that 52% of the people sampled would favor Wilson as Prime Minister again, while only 34% would prefer to have him replaced by Conservative Party Leader Edward Heath, whose own popularity remained conspicuously low even when his party was scoring high ratings.

At present, Wilson, who must hold new elections before next April, is pondering whether to seize upon the sudden shift in his party's fortunes by calling elections for June or July or to wait a few more months. The advantage of a later date, possibly in October, is that the pro-Labour trend is likely to be more pronounced by then, thus making Wilson virtually certain of becoming the first British Prime Minister in this century to lead his party to three successive election victories.

CANADA

No to Separatism

The specter of Quebec separation has long haunted English-speaking Canadians. The secession of the large French-speaking province would sunder the country geographically, making it difficult, if not impossible, for Canada's remaining nine provinces to hold together. But in last week's elections for a new provincial assembly, Quebec voters said no to separation.

Benefiting from a four-way fragmentation of the vote, the strongly anti-secessionist Liberal Party won 72 seats out of 108, a 27-seat increase over its 1966 results. The ruling National Union Party, which had straddled the separation issue, lost 38 of its 55 seats, while the right-wing federalist Créditiste Party won 12. The separatist Quebec Party actually finished second, with 23% of the popular vote. But because Quebec's representation is heavily weighted in favor of rural voters, the predominantly urban party won only seven seats. Even its leader, René Lévesque, Quebec's best-known separatist, was defeated by a Liberal.

Proof of Support. In Ottawa, Canadian Premier Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who as the national Liberal leader abided by Canadian customs and did not get involved in the provincial politicking, hailed the vote as "a victory for Canada—proof without any doubt that Quebec people overwhelmingly support federalism." It was also a victory for Quebec's Liberal Leader Robert Bourassa, who at 36 will become the youngest premier in Quebec's history. A lanky professor of economics and fiscal law, Bourassa, who took over the provincial party leadership only last January, campaigned on a platform of "making federalism work," by which he means "getting a better break for Quebec."

On the hustings, he derided the old government's habit of wasting money on ministerial trips to Paris that were intended to enhance Quebec's French affiliations. Instead, Bourassa, who is linked through marriage to the powerful Simard shipbuilding family, promised to cut provincial spending and provide 100,000 new jobs during his first year in office. His prescription calls for pumping what provincial money he has into programs that will create jobs and for getting a bigger hunk of federal funds for public works projects.

In Quebec, where unemployment last month was 2.5% higher than the Canadian average of 6.7%, Bourassa's pledge evoked great response: the town of Trois Rivières, a National Union stronghold where 15% of the work force is unemployed, elected its first Liberal in history. If Bourassa fails to deliver on his promises, however, the separatists would undoubtedly revive their claims that Quebecers can only hope to achieve a better life once they are freed from the domination of Canada's English-speaking majority.



DE GAULLE WALKING ON HIS ESTATE AT COLOMBEY
Content with a place near the woods.

BUREAU-GAMMA

France: Twilight of Grandeur

Just by existing he will play a political role. He can't help it. He is in the woodwork and everybody knows it.

WITH those words, André Malraux last November expressed a widely held belief about his old chief. Many Frenchmen felt that even after Charles de Gaulle had abandoned the Presidency of the Fifth Republic, he nonetheless would continue to exercise a profound influence on the country's politics.

But last week the first anniversary of De Gaulle's abrupt resignation passed almost without notice in France. He stepped down from the presidency on April 28, 1969 because of his defeat on a referendum in which he sought approval of a reorganization of France's governmental structure. Since then, De Gaulle has remained, except for one brief trip to Ireland, sequestered in his nine-acre, walled-in estate atop a small hill in the village of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, 120 miles southeast of Paris. More aloof than ever, he has received only a handful of the faithful, and has refused all requests for private political discussions or larger meetings. De Gaulle's notes from Colombey, written in his proud hand, are as highly prized as were Napoleon's scribbles from Elba. His invitations to lunch or dinner are as rare and valued as "an invitation to dine privately with Brezhnev or Mao," to quote one old Gaullist, who has not made it.

Early Riser. Though De Gaulle resolutely refuses all requests for interviews, TIME Correspondent William Rademakers pieced together an account of his present activities. Colombey gossips and sentimental Gaullist supporters in Paris are in agreement on one respect of De Gaulle's life: he is deeply engrossed in writing his memoirs, and gives little thought to the daily problems of France

or to his successor. Last month the first result of his labors was published: *Messages and Speeches 1940-1946*, a 665-page compilation of his addresses during the war years. The general has also completed the first of his three-volume series on *la France et moi*, covering the period until 1962. It will be published in the fall. The second volume, covering 1962-65, is scheduled to be completed within another 18 months, and the third presumably within a similar length of time. Four more volumes of his speeches are also scheduled for publication.

De Gaulle gets up early, eats a hefty version of a Continental breakfast. Then he moves to his study, where he dictates to his secretary for three to four hours. Weather permitting, he walks, at 11 each morning, around his property, occasionally carrying bread crumbs for his birds and chickens. He inspects his delicately manicured lawn and the garden, one segment of which forms a floral fleur-de-lis, the symbol of French royalty. After 40 minutes, the general is back at his desk in his book-lined study. As he edits manuscripts, he extends his right index finger along the contoured body of the fountain pen to its tip. To his right is an old-fashioned inkwell from which he refills the pen, and to his left, photographs of his grandchildren. There is always a vase of fresh flowers on the desk.

Lunch is a major event. The general has always been a *bonne fourchette*, but now, in retirement, he eats with gusto, if not abandon, and his weight is a source of anxiety to old friends. His stomach protrudes like the prow of a tugboat, and his eyes are nearly hidden by his puffy cheeks and his prominent nose. On a typical day, he might lunch on breaded pigs' feet or *pot au feu*, or *boeuf Bourguignon*, served on simple

Limoges china with a glass of unassuming Burgundy or Bordeaux, accompanied by a salad and vegetables and potatoes. The meal is followed by cheese, which De Gaulle did not allow to be served in the Elysée because "people linger over it." He finishes the repast with his favorite dessert, chocolate éclairs.

After the midday meal, he takes another long walk around the property "to digest," relaxes on a sofa for some 15 minutes, and then returns to work in his study. In the early evening he leaves Colombey for a walk in the forest, accompanied by dozens of visible and invisible police. Often after another excursion in hefty eating, he returns to his study and works until 10:30 or 11 p.m.

No Saint Helena. The days fold into one another, broken only by an occasional arrival of a black Citroën DS bearing a courier, or an old friend, such as Malraux, Couve de Murville, the former Premier, or Pierre Messmer, the former Armed Forces Minister. Oblivious to it all, De Gaulle's wife, Yvonne, dressed in grandmotherly gray, makes her morning round of the village shops, where she buys her husband's papers, probes the meat he will eat, and carefully selects his dessert at the bakery, Au Fidèle Berger (the Faithful Shepherd).

In his private conversations, De Gaulle has ruled out any possibility of another return to the political scene. "There will be," he says, "no second Saint Helena." His friends say he is determined to live out his last days and die in quiet dignity. De Gaulle has picked out his gravesite at the edge of Colombey, close to the forest, where there is now a tombstone reading ANNE DE GAULLE 1928-1948, which marks the grave of his retarded daughter, who died of pneumonia. When the time comes, a simple line will be carved on the granite: Charles de Gaulle, 1890, and the year of his death.

PEOPLE

At Rome's Cinecittà film complex, craftsmen are putting the finishing touches on an 18-ft., 550-lb. plaster statue of a male nude who could be a cousin of Michelangelo's *David*. From the neck up it is David—**David Niven**, that is. Niven has never seen the colossus, which is intended for his aptly titled film *The Statue*. His features were copied from photos. But he has learned that it deviates in one significant way from the prototype. "The statue has a fig leaf," the actor notes. "And quite a large one too!"

The old axiom holds that there are no atheists in foxholes, and according to **Admiral Thomas H. Moorer**, chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the same is true of headquarters and even the Pentagon. Defending the service academies' compulsory chapel attendance requirement before a U.S. district court, Moorer testified: "I don't think you will find a total atheist who has reached the peak of leadership in the armed forces."

Eying a luscious brunette on one of his antismoking commercials for the American Cancer Society, Actor **Tony Curtis** smirks and says "I quit—cigarettes, that is." Tobacco, that is. Upon arrival in London last week, he was arrested and convicted on charges of possessing marijuana. The fine was only \$120, but back in the U.S., touchy television stations—and all three major networks—announced that they have quit on Tony and his ads.

For sale: *Patricia* and *Julie*. Not the daughters. The yachts. As a household economy measure, President Nixon is

disposing of the two often-renamed luxury cruisers, 92 and 64 feet respectively, which have served five presidential families over an eventful and at times turbulent period of 25 years.

After considering petitions from many noted literati and intellectuals, including the venerated **Jean-Paul Sartre**, Bolivian President **Alfredo Ovando Candia** has announced that the case of **Régis Debray** "is being re-examined." The French revolutionary is serving 30 years in military prison for his part in Che Guevara's abortive 1966-67 guerrilla campaigns. Should he be freed, Debray, 30, may have a job waiting for him—a safer one. La Paz's "Popular University" of Tupaj Katari is offering him a professorship in Marxist philosophy.

Doves, si! Pigeons, *no!* Like many another antiwar, pro-environment oracle, Poet **Ezra Pound** finds himself bitterly torn between those two cousins of the *Columbiidae* family. In his translation from an Italian poem, the poet pounds the swarms of pigeons in the city of Venice that are, he says, "besmirching crowned heads, defiling brows and memorials . . . mocking the monuments which overshadow us." Besides, he complains, he abhors their habit of dumping "corrosive superfluities suddenly on the heads of pedestrians."

Among Greece's great shipping families, intermarriage is something of a tradition like the champagne launching, a notable exception, of course, being **Aristotle Onassis'** second marriage to **John Kennedy's** widow. Now rumor has it that **Jackie**, as clan matriarch, has come to the U.S. to implore her stepdaughter

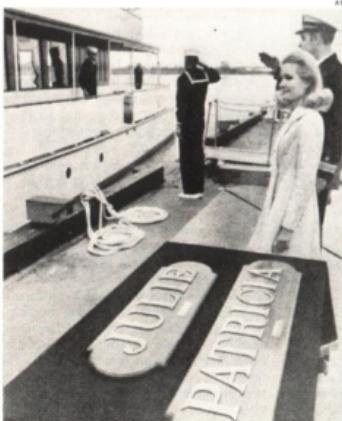
Christina Onassis, 19, not to break up her romance with shipping heir **Petros Goulandris**.

Macalester College in St. Paul is no Berkeley, but a handful of radicals felt that they had to protest something on Earth Day. They picked a dovish political science professor, **Hubert Humphrey**. After listening to a bombardment of obscenities from 50 antiwar protesters, H.H.H. objected to the language, suggested that their tongues needed a bath in Lifebuoy. Pacified, the pacifists wound up touring the Humphrey house and inspecting his memorabilia.

The hero is an American painter who takes up antisubmarine duties in Cuba during World War II. The novel, *Islands in the Stream*, should have a start on this fall's bestseller list. It was written by that old man of the sea **Ernest Hemingway**. After months of poring over the 20-year-old manuscript, Papa's widow **Mary** asserts that it is "as good as anything he has ever written."

Never exactly famed for munificence, **Salvador Dali** has offered to give six of his paintings to the French National Railroads for poster art. It seems that Dali has always been a real (or surreal) railroad buff and regards his home station in the small city of Perpignan as something of a shrine.

In the U.S. to promote his autobiography *One Life*, South Africa's peripatetic surgeon **Christian Barnard** made light of his role as the jet set's darling. "To be honest, I enjoy my popularity," said Barnard. "But I remind myself of all the people who contribute to a single success in a field like heart surgery. It's like an orchestra—one man takes all the bows."



TRICIA NIXON
End of an era.



JACKIE
Matriarch's mission.

EDUCATION

Dissenter in the Administration

Even though the Nixon Administration has veered away from a strong school integration policy, U.S. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen Jr. has stuck to his own course. Long a staunch opponent of segregation—*de facto* or *de jure*—Allen last week issued a statement that seemed critical of the legal distinctions central to President Nixon's March 24 desegregation message. "There is no way," said Allen, "whereby the principle of equality of educational opportunity can be made to accommodate the continuing existence of segregated schools in a democratic society—no matter how difficult the problems involved in eliminating them may be."

Desegregation, wrote Nixon in his message, has "too often proved a tragically futile effort to achieve in the schools the kind of multiracial society which the adult community has failed to achieve for itself." Wrote the commissioner: "All our children must live in a multiracial world, and the school is a natural place in which to introduce them to that world."

Though Allen insisted that the President was "defining federal responsibility," while he was speaking as "an educator to educators," his own emphasis on commitment contrasts sharply with the Administration's focus on legalism. "Do you think it is the duty of the public school system to teach brotherly love?" Texas Congressman Robert Casy asked Allen at a recent hearing. "Yes, sir," the commissioner replied.

New Broom at Navy

On springtime Wednesday afternoons at Annapolis, the U.S. Naval Academy's 4,300 midshipmen, starched and polished, march smartly to the drum and bugle of dress parade. It is a traditional display of martial crispness for academy brass and visiting VIPs. But these Wednesdays, after the last salute is snapped, many a middle returns to the not-so-traditional company of Machiavelli, Malthus or Montesquieu—required reading in such brand-new majors as literature, economics and political science. The marriage of military discipline and academic freedom is uneasy at best, but Rear Admiral James F. Calvert, now in his second year as academy superintendent, has proved himself a talented matchmaker.

From the start, Calvert, 49, knew he was dealing with a generation "more sophisticated and better educated" than any before it. And more skeptical: Viet Nam had done little for the image of the military profession, and the Navy was still under the cloud of the *Pueblo* affair. At Annapolis, Calvert found the engineering-oriented curriculum sadly outdated—symptomatic of the "cultural mismatch" between a hidebound service

academy and the young men—black as well as white—he wanted to attract. Some black middies (there are now 38) are even jeered when they try to recruit others back home.

Dumb Dedication. Last fall Calvert unveiled a new curriculum that included 24 majors—17 of them non-engineering. For the first time, a midshipman could work toward a liberal arts degree. A black-literature course was set up. Even the required military courses were spruced up: navigation and naval tactics, for example, are now based on actual fleet situations rather than textbook theory. The new majors program attracted 7,000 applicants for the class of '74, more than 1,000 above the previous record.

Calvert is seeking a balanced approach. "If you allow military training

DON CARL STEPHEN



SUPERINTENDENT CALVERT
"Stand up and be counted."

to get downtrodden and produce only intellectuals, you have officers who can't work with enlisted men. But if you emphasize the production of officers to the exclusion of everything else, you'll end up with fine-looking, dedicated people who are a little vacant."

Calvert's new broom has also swept aside a number of nonacademic traditions, such as freshman hazing. No longer do upperclassmen make a plebe stand at attention and jab at his breastbone until he passes out; gone are the impromptu push-ups and relay races through the endless corridors of the midship dormitory, Bancroft Hall. Plebes are still made to perform menial tasks for upperclassmen, but Calvert firmly maintains that harassment and degradation will not produce respect for authority.

Calvert and Captain Robert Coogan, 48, commandant of the brigade of mid-

shipmen, encourage their charges to question the rules they live by. Calvert thinks a regulation with no purpose should be jettisoned. Coogan tossed out the rule requiring seniors on liberty to stay within seven miles of the campus. "It didn't make much sense," he says. "Seven miles was purely arbitrary—probably how far Dewey could get down the road in his horse and buggy."

In or Out. Next year the curriculum will be reorganized; the present seven departments will expand to 18, of which eleven will be chaired by civilians. Department heads and the academic dean (a civilian by statute) decide on faculty hiring and firing and the granting of tenure. Superintendents' terms are brief, and Calvert has delegated some of his administrative powers in an attempt to provide continuity between his superintendents and the next.

The admiral's two closest aides are officers who never attended Annapolis. Calvert is a Clevelander who spent two years at Oberlin College before switching to the Naval Academy ('43). A much-decorated submariner in World War II, he later commanded the nuclear submarine *Skate* on its historic voyage to the North Pole in 1959. For all his progressive educational views, he is a totally committed Navy man. He exhorts his middies: "You can't have it both ways. You have to stand up and be counted. Either you're with us and believe in preserving our society or you don't belong here. You can't take off this uniform and put on a wig." Calvert means to prove that "love of country and dedication to its service can exist in the same institution with academic freedom and excellence." When a crusty old grad grumbles that he is achieving nothing but chaos at the academy, Calvert just grins. "We need a little chaos around here," he says.

Double Standard

"I will not allow my children to be bused and treated like cattle," insisted Louisiana Governor John McKeithen in a speech before the state school-board association. Thousands of white parents agree—except when it comes to busing that promotes school segregation.

After surveying schools in eight Southern states, the Southern Regional Council reported this week that all-white private academies now bus 62% of their pupils an average 35 miles a day. By contrast, public schools in those states bus 50% of their pupils an average 20 miles a day. The survey noted that desegregation plans approved by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare tend to reduce busing in Southern states. Nevertheless, some segregated private academies encourage parents to buy and operate buses, while several Southern state legislatures are pressing for indirect subsidies for private-school busing. According to the survey, one white school—Beaufort Academy in South Carolina—has pupils who ride the bus 120 miles a day.

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SCIENCE

Back to Fra Mauro

After a thorough probe of the accident that crippled Apollo 13 and endangered the lives of Astronauts James Lovell, Fred Haise and Jack Swigert, NASA Deputy Administrator George Low announced last week that the space agency had determined the probable cause: a short circuit that led to the explosion of an oxygen tank in the service module.

Investigators believe that the short occurred either in a fan used to stir super-cooled oxygen in the tank, or in wiring leading to the fan. In the presence of pure oxygen, the short could have ignited insulation, wires, or even the aluminum parts within the tank. The resulting heat would have produced the pressure that burst the tank. Though NASA may never learn the exact cause of the accident, it has ordered numerous small design changes to prevent any recurrence of an oxygen-tank explosion; the fan will be removed, wiring will be changed and aluminum structures inside the tank may be replaced.

The required changes can be made easily and so quickly that NASA officials have tentatively decided to proceed with the scheduled launch of Apollo 14 in October. And at a planning session in Houston last week, space agency scientists recommended another try for the lunar landing site that Astronauts Lovell and Haise were to have explored last month: the ancient highlands near the crater Fra Mauro.

Steps Toward Life

Four billion years ago, when the young earth was still enveloped in a deadly atmosphere of ammonia and methane, the first forerunners of life emerged. How those complex molecules were formed remains a profound mystery. But scientists believe that some of the earth's primordial atmospheric molecules were broken up into their constituent atoms; regrouping into new molecules, these atoms formed organic compounds called amino acids, which are the building blocks of protein—and of life.

Exactly what caused that chemical concatenation has long been the subject of lively scientific debate. Was the crucial reaction powered by intense ultraviolet radiation from the sun? By bolts of lightning in the primeval skies? Or by the searing heat of volcanic eruptions on the surface of the young planet? Researchers have found that amino acids can be produced in laboratory simulations of each of those conditions. Now a team of investigators at Cornell University has proposed that another natural phenomenon might have played a role. The catalyst of genesis, they say, could have been the shock waves of thunderclaps or even of meteors plunging into the atmosphere.

The Cornell researchers, a young Is-

raeli chemist named Akiba Bar-Nun and his biochemist wife Nurit, tested the theory in a relatively simple experiment. They filled one end of a brass-and-Pyrex tube with a mixture of ammonia, methane, ethane and water vapor—all probable ingredients of the earth's early atmosphere. A thin plastic membrane separated the gases from the other end of the tube, which contained chemically inert helium. The Bar-Nuns increased the helium pressure until the membrane broke. This produced a shock wave that swept through the gaseous mixture at high speed, momentarily creating temperatures of several thousand degrees,



NURIT & AKIBA BAR-NUN
The catalyst of genesis?

In seven separate experiments, at least four amino acids were left behind.

The process was remarkably efficient. Carl Sagan, director of Cornell's Planetary Studies Laboratory, calculates that as much as 36% of the ammonia was converted into amino acids—a far better yield than that obtained in tests using ultraviolet radiation. Reason: the temperature rises resulting from the shock waves were too brief to break up any of the newly formed molecules. Indeed, the shock-tube process worked so well that Sagan has suggested a highly practical application: a cheap method of making amino acids for protein food supplements to fight malnutrition.

Did the laboratory experiment really simulate conditions that existed in the earth's primitive atmosphere and suggest how the precursors of life were created? To help answer such questions, scientists may soon try a much larger proving ground. In 1972, the first of several unmanned space probes is scheduled

to pass close to Jupiter, which apparently has a methane and ammonia atmosphere much like the one that once shrouded the earth. Data from the mission may confirm that the process now under way in Jupiter's atmosphere parallels those that occurred on earth billions of years ago.

An Elemental Discovery

The target was tiny—two-millionths of an ounce of a heavy, man-made isotope. The "bullets" were even smaller—atomic nuclei fired by an atom smasher. But the results of the experiments, which were reported last week at a Washington meeting of the American Physical Society, made big news in the world of nuclear physics. A new chemical element, No. 105, has been created and identified.

After setting up sophisticated detectors to monitor their results, a team of physicists led by Albert Ghiorso used the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory's heavy-ion linear accelerator (HILAC) to shoot nitrogen 15 nuclei with an energy level of 84 million electron volts at a submicroscopic bit of californium 249. Although a constant stream of nuclei was directed at the target, only about six collisions per hour produced atoms of the new element.

As the nuclei of the nitrogen 15 and californium 249 atoms met, they fused into a single nucleus containing a total of 260 neutrons and protons (four neutrons were shed in the process). Of these particles, 105 were protons, the positively charged particles that determine the atomic number of the element. Since there were 105 protons, the nucleus of the 105th element had been created.

Chemical Revolution. Ghiorso, Nuclear Chemist James Harris, Finnish Physicists Matti Nurminen and Kari Eskola, the same team that discovered element 104, suggested that the new element be named hahnium, in honor of Otto Hahn, the German chemist who in 1938 discovered nuclear fission. Ghiorso also took the occasion to disagree with a prior—and tentative—claim by Russian physicists that they had discovered element 105. The Lawrence team, he explained, had been unable to duplicate the Russian experiment, which used less sensitive equipment and produced uncertain results.

Whoever deserves the credit, the fact remains that scientists are synthesizing ever more complex elements, and coming closer to the day when they might create superheavy elements in the range of 110 (which would resemble platinum) to 114 (similar to lead). According to theory, they should be so long-lived that traces of them may still exist in their natural state on earth and the moon (scientists are looking for them in the lunar rocks brought back by Apollo). If they are ever found—or more likely—produced in the laboratory, says Ghiorso, "it would revolutionize chemistry. It would be the most fantastic thing in my lifetime."



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MUSIC

The Marlboro Man as Macbeth

Once in a generation there appears an artist who by virtue of voice and temperament seems to symbolize an entire school of singing. Today, Birgit Nilsson is the archetypal Wagnerian Soprano, just as Jussi Bjöerling was the ultimate Italian Tenor during the 1940s and '50s. Both are Swedish, proving that national style has nothing to do with nationality. Since the death of Leonard Warren in 1960, no one man has been acknowledged by critics and conductors as the quintessential Italian Baritone. Now, though, there may be a legitimate claimant to the title. Like Warren



SHERRILL MILNES

Like the perfect western hero.

Lawrence Tibbett before him, he too is an American: Sherrill Milnes, of Downers Grove, Ill. (pop. 26,000).

Milnes (pronounced Milnz), who has had practically no European training or experience, made his debut last month at the Vienna Staatsoper in the difficult title role of Verdi's *Macbeth*. Helped along by the unconventional approach of Stage Director Otto Schenk and Conductor Karl Boehm, Milnes portrayed Macbeth as a victim not of ambition but of passion. The slinky-voiced, erotic Lady Macbeth of Christa Ludwig made the passion understandable. When the curtain fell on Macbeth's death scene, Milnes was rewarded with a 30-minute ovation.

Beer and Cornflakes. Milnes' success came as no surprise to regulars at the Metropolitan Opera, where he has gradually emerged as the company's reigning baritone since his debut in Gounod's *Faust* five years ago. Although his name means nothing to most Americans, his voice is well known to millions: he was

once the hearty balladeer who told people on television and radio that "you get a lot to like in a Marlboro." Musically, he has also exhorted consumers to try Falstaff beer, Kellogg's cornflakes and a host of other workaday products. Nowadays, though, Milnes is so busy with opera that he has no more time for commercials, to his mild regret. "I've made more than \$20,000 in residuals alone," he says. "My buddies tell me to can the opera career. Some of them make as much as a quarter of a million a year. So could I, but there are other things I want to do."

Before deciding that he wanted to sing opera, Milnes had ambitions to be a doctor. His father was a Methodist minister, his mother the musical director of the local Congregational church. As a boy, Sherrill milked cows and baled hay on the family farm, but also found time to study voice, violin, piano, viola and tuba. Later he took a pre-med course at Iowa's Drake University, where voice teachers urged him to take up singing as a full-time career. Commercials beefed up his cash balance while he sang with Boris Goldovsky's Opera Company and the New York City Opera.

Floating Pianissimo. At 35, Milnes has just begun to hit his stride as a singer. It is not, perhaps, an exceptionally flexible voice, but it has a consistent beauty of tone that never dries up at full volume or veers toward edginess. Although his voice will darken as he grows older, Milnes' baritone today has a vibrantly lyrical quality, with a roof-lifting ping on the top notes, and a floating, sensuous pianissimo. His most effective vehicles are probably such masculine roles as Figaro in *The Barber of Seville* and Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore*—and not only because of his vocal characteristics. At 6 ft. 2 in. and a trim 220 lbs., Milnes has the physique of a halfback and a stage-commanding presence as an actor that evokes comparison with Bass-Baritone Norman Treigle of the New York City Opera (TIME, Oct. 3). "He's the singer I've learned most from in acting," Milnes admits.

Mediterranean Milnes sounds: American he is. "When you see Sherrill coming to rehearsal with those funny striped pants and a raggedy sweater," one Viennese chorus girl remarked, "all he needs is two Colts on his hips to make him look like the perfect western hero." Milnes keeps himself in training for operatic rigors with big doses of vitamin C (1,000 milligrams a day) and a methodical schedule of calisthenics (20 push-ups, 20 sit-ups, and 40 jumping jacks each morning). Married recently for the second time (to Soprano Nancy Stokes), he has been forced by his operatic success to make a major sacrifice besides giving up all that Marlboro money. After a bad crack-up in Rome, he decided to get rid of his motor-scoot-

er. "The danger of accidents is too great," he says. "If I were to get hit in the larynx—well, if you look at it from a dollars-and-cents point of view, it's absolutely ridiculous."

Out There Forever

He was no Benny Goodman on the clarinet, but he got by. His bluesy, hard-driving howl on *Caldonia* (1945) showed him to be a catchy singer—as big-band leaders go, that is. But what really enabled Woody Herman to climb to the top 30 years ago and stay there was two quite different talents: a high sense of musical style and a genius for leadership. He had a rare ability to fuse a collection of raw young musicians into a polished and pulsating band. He could also yield to the prevailing pop taste

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HERMAN AT THE COPACABANA
Resilience and adaptability.

without losing a certain acerbic jazzy quality all his own. Today Woody is as much the debonair man of the times as ever. As he puts it: "If I had to play the same music in a locked-in style that I played in the '40s, I would have taken the gas pipe a long time ago."

What excites Herman these days, as it does almost everyone else, is rock—a far cry from the free-blowing kind of blues on which Woody's first band, formed in the late 1930s, pegged its fortunes. His next band (1944-47), the first and best of a long succession that bore the name Herd, was a hard-driving ensemble with a precision-drilled brass attack, modulated by a sophisticated Ellingtonian touch. The first Herd's explosive rendition of such numbers as *Apple Honey* and *Northwest Passage* appealed to just about everybody—including Igor Stravinsky, who wrote the *Ebony Concerto* for Woody in 1946. The second Herd (1947-50) tried to hitch up with bebop, but muffed its big beat in the process and dropped \$175,000. In the '50s and early

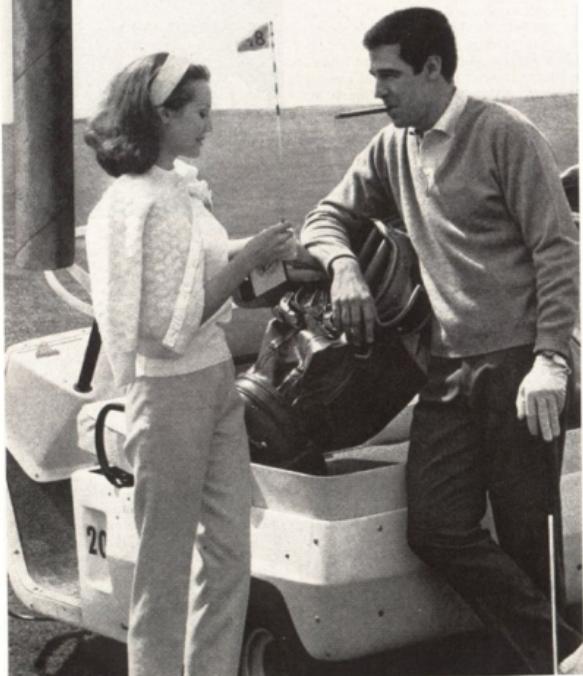


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'60s. Herman leaned toward one pop trend and then another, but basically stuck to a swinging style that never buried the beat.

Not by the Book. The big bands seem to be in the midst of a muted renaissance. Oldtimers like Count Basie and Duke Ellington, along with such comparative juniors as Buddy Rich and Don Ellis, have developed large and eager audiences for their gigs and records. None of them, though, have demonstrated Woody's resiliency or adaptability. The style of his current group is a near-symphonic fusion of rock and the toe-tapping, old-gold sound that was the trademark of his earlier bands. Mixing updated versions of old Herman specialties with ear-blowing arrangements of such contemporary tunes as the Doors' *Light My Fire* and Jim Webb's *MacArthur Park*, the latest Herd has a rare ability to bridge pop music's generation gap. It is equally welcome at the hip Fillmore West and Manhattan's touristy Copacabana, where Woody and Songstress Dionne Warwick have just begun a joint two-week engagement.

Hereman finds contemporary rock more interesting than pop music a generation ago: tunes are longer and more complex, rhythms more diverse. Fortunately, the 16 young members of his current Herd—many of whom came from such music schools as Boston's Berklee and Indiana University—can play whatever Herman's arrangers ask. Woody returns the favor by giving them a remarkable measure of freedom. The group's spontaneity—perhaps the strongest remaining link to Herman's jazz past—attests to that. So does the individual success of such former Herman sidemen as Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Shorty Rogers, Pete Candoli and Neal Hefti. Says Drummer Jake Hanna, an ex-Herd man: "Woody goes along with the way the band feels, instead of sticking strictly to the book. If a man's really blowin', Woody doesn't stop him after eight bars because the arrangement says so."

On the Road. Born Woodrow Charles Herman on May 16, 1913, in Milwaukee, Woody was only six when his show-business father began pushing him onto home-town stages as a singer-dancer. By the age of 17, he had become a member of the Tom Gerun band. A few years later, he joined the old Isham Jones band, and when Jones dissolved the group in 1936, Woody reorganized it as "the Band That Plays the Blues." By the early 1940s, he was ready to gallop with the Herds. For the past 24 years he has spent only about six weeks a year in the hilltop Hollywood home overlooking Sunset Boulevard that used to belong to Humphrey Bogart. The rest of the time he is on the road, playing 200 or more concerts a year, taking his wife Charlotte along on the bigger trips.

Woody never speaks of retiring, and there are quiet moments when he is impressed by his own durability. "It does seem," he admits, "that I've been out there forever."



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MEDICINE

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We have left undone those things which we ought to have done . . . And there is no health in us.

—Book of Common Prayer

WHAT the people of the U.S. ought to have done may be debatable in many areas and in many details. What has been most conspicuously left undone involves health. As long ago as 1883, Iron Chancellor Otto von Bismarck (who could hardly be called socialistic or radical) gave Imperial Germany the world's first Sickness Insurance Act, covering

ment was now. There is no prospect that Congress will enact a comprehensive insurance program and expect to have it working in 1970.

For that matter, at their present rate, Finch's HEW staff is not likely to produce any program by 1980 either. In 1932, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, headed by the late Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, recommended that doctors be encouraged to practice in groups and that the costs of medical care "be placed on a group-payment basis, through the use of insurance,

people have no protection whatever.

As for truly comprehensive medical coverage, the gaps of unmet needs are still greater. There are 155 million who have insurance against surgical expenses, leaving 50 million unprotected, and 130 million insured against "regular medical expense," leaving 75 million unprotected. About 67 million subscribers have "major medical" coverage, which repays them for 70% to 80% of actual outlays for virtually all medical expenses, including prescription drugs. Under whatever type of plan, coverage for the costs of mental illness is spotty and in most cases inadequate. Only 3,000,000 Americans have insurance for dental care.

In 1948, President Harry S. Truman's Federal Security Administrator, Oscar Ewing, with his boss' backing, declared that the U.S. must "provide that all people shall have access to such health and medical services as they require through a system of insurance covering the entire population." The plan was to be financed by payroll taxes rising to 4%; it would be administered by the states with the Federal Government serving only as the collecting and disbursing agent; patients would have free choice of doctor, and doctors would have the right to reject patients; doctors could join the plan or not, as they chose. Despite these highly flexible provisions, the Truman-Ewing plan was denounced as "socialized medicine" by the A.M.A., which succeeded in killing it.

In the Hooper. At least half a dozen plans for U.S. national health insurance have now been formally proposed and introduced in Congress or are in their final drafting stages. None of these originated in Finch's HEW, and none is likely to. In its concern for budget balancing and combating inflation, the Nixon Administration does not sufficiently recognize the potential savings —certainly in health and lives, if not in money—from a national program to insure health care, including preventive medicine, for all.

What the Administration is doing, commendably, is trying to iron out some of the wrinkles that have caused needless overruns in the costs of Medicare and Medicaid. It is proposing that contractors (such as Blue Cross, Blue Shield or group health plans) be authorized to assume responsibility for the total care of Medicare patients for a flat annual fee that would be no more than the current per-patient costs of Medicare from both taxes and the voluntary part.

While most of the drive for comprehensive health insurance is coming from Democrats, they do not have the field to themselves. Among Republicans, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller has a plan for both his state and the nation; Massachusetts' Governor Francis W. Sargent has a state scheme, and New York's Senator Jacob Javits has introduced a national bill. Main features of the principal plans:

MEDICREDIT. Devised by the A.M.A. in the hope of heading off any more liberal system and introduced in Congress



DOCTOR VISITING MIGRANT WORKERS IN McALLEN, TEXAS

Half a dozen plans but no solutions.

workers and their families. Similar benefits now protect the people of virtually every industrialized nation in the world. But not Americans. Only now are influential members of both parties in Congress giving serious consideration to proposals for blanketing the nation's 205 million citizens with some form of national health insurance.

Jump into Chaos. Last week Robert H. Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, declared: "We must build a health-care delivery system of surpassing quality, accessible to every American, everywhere in this nation." But then, at a Manhattan meeting of the United Cerebral Palsy Associations, Finch abruptly backed away from early adoption of a truly comprehensive program. "To move now into some scheme of national health insurance," he said, "would repeat the experience of Medicare and Medicaid, and multiply its consequences ten times over. Without prior planning, preparation and creation of basic resources, we would invite literal chaos." That was literal truth if the operative word in Finch's state-

through the use of taxation, or both of these methods." Though Wilbur was Republican President Hoover's Secretary of the Interior and a former president of the American Medical Association, his recommendations were denounced in the *Journal of the A.M.A.* as "socialism and Communism."

U.S. citizens now spend \$60 billion a year on medical, dental and nursing care, drugs and appliances. Of this, the federal share is \$21 billion. Yet by the best estimates, 80 million Americans lack adequate health care. For the majority, the barrier cutting them off from decent care is financial. Either they do not qualify for health insurance under any of the plans offered, or, if they qualify, they have no money to pay the premiums.

Mental and Dental. The Health Insurance Institute reports that 170 million Americans now have insurance to defray hospital expenses and receive more than \$7 billion annually in benefits. But in many cases the insurance does not cover all costs, so that \$6 billion still has to come out of the insured patients' pockets—and 35 million

by Tennessee's Democratic Representative Richard Fulton and Arizona's Republican Senator Paul Fannin, would permit a tax credit on a sliding scale based on income. Families earning less than \$5,000 a year could deduct the full cost of their health-insurance premiums from their computed tax. Families with incomes over \$10,000 could deduct only 25% of their premiums. For all income groups the top limit would be \$150 for a single taxpayer and \$400 for those with dependents. For those so poor as to have little or no tax liability, the Federal Government would issue a "medical-care insurance-premium certificate" at the same \$150 and \$400 rates, which could be used to buy insurance from any approved carrier. Medicare beneficiaries would get income-tax credit for their Part B, supplementary coverage now being raised from \$4 to \$5.30 a month. Estimated cost: \$9 billion to \$11 billion.

JAVITS BILL Introduced last month by Senator Javits, to establish a national health-insurance program by gradually extending Medicare coverage to the whole population. For two years after 1971, it would do little more than give full Medicare benefits to all over 65, saving them the Part B premiums. Then the Medicare program would be gradually extended to all Americans. Dental care for children up to age six would be added. Another year later, diagnostic benefits such as physical checkups and eye and ear examinations would be added. Most costs for drugs, dental care, eyeglasses, hearing aids and nursing-home care would not be covered. Javits would finance this with a payroll tax on employers and employees; its proceeds to be matched by an equal sum from the federal treasury. Estimated annual cost when in full swing: \$22.7 billion. Other features of the bill would give financial incentive to the establishment of group practices and community health centers. To provide medical services, HEW could contract with both nonprofit and commercial carriers and with state agencies. The Javits plan would rely on the commercial companies to undertake most of the coverage, despite their traditionally unimaginative courtship mentality. Says Javits: "We simply have to hit the insurance carriers over the head and make them take the role we give them."

ROCKEFELLER PLAN First proposed to the New York legislature in 1967 but panned in committee ever since. Recently resubmitted in modified form, with a companion bill to encourage formation of group practices. Would establish a set of minimum benefits to be bought from insurers: 1) 90 days of in-hospital (including psychiatric) care in semiprivate room; 2) outpatient X-ray, diagnostic and other laboratory services, emergency care and minor surgery, physical therapy and psychiatric evaluation;

3) hospital or physician maternity benefits up to \$150; 4) hospital-managed or other sponsored home care up to 100 visits a year. Patients would pay \$2 in coinsurance for virtually all doctors', clinic and lab services. The state would pay premiums for all with incomes under \$5,000 a year, split premiums in the \$5,000-6,000 range, while those earning more than \$6,000 would pay their own.

GRIFFITHS BILL Introduced in the House by Democrat Martha C. Griffiths of Michigan, member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee. Endorsed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., it would cover unlimited hospitalization, physicians' services including surgery, preventive care and physical checkups, required nursing-home care, rehabilitation services, dental care for all under 16, eye care and

rector Max Fine, the aim is to attack the health crisis on four fronts: manpower shortages, rising costs, disorganization and uneven quality. Estimated cost (undoubtedly optimistic): \$40 billion annually, with \$24 billion to be raised by a 5 1/2% payroll tax shared by employers and employees, and \$16 billion from general revenues. The plan would cover all U.S. residents, absorbing Medicaid and much of Medicare. Through ten regional agencies the Government would contract with suppliers of medical care. The C.N.H.I. plan would encourage group practices, and by giving them a 3% override on contracts would actually discourage non-group practitioners. To lure doctors into poorer rural areas, they might be offered a combination of salary and fee for service.

While every American may be entitled to at least adequate health care, he is not getting it, and will not, until a momentous national debate reaches election-year levels of acrimony and is somehow resolved. The issue has already been injected into this year's elections by Democrat Theodore C. Sorenson, campaigning for the U.S. Senate from New York, who last week announced his own plan for "universal health insurance." Apart from such standpatters as the A.M.A. and its arch-conservative Republican allies, there is a growing consensus that some national insurance blanket must be thrown over the ailing body of health care. It may prove to be more of a patchwork quilt, with multicolored squares for sections covered by contracts with a variety of private insurers. If administration is not made too cumbersome, that would be far better than the present non-system with its huge gaps. Walter McNearney, president of the Blue Cross Association and head of a task force soon to report to the President on the nation's health needs, believes that a monolithic system operated by HEW would be wildly inflationary—and not sufficiently innovative. He wants a flexible, pluralistic plan.

But when? The principal difference between proponents of progress is over whether to put the cart of medical-care delivery before the horse of manpower resources, and let the resources catch up with the overburdened cart—or to take the time to breed more medical horses. That means waiting years for the country's health education system to produce many thousands more doctors and tens of thousands more paramedical personnel. Secretary Finch sincerely believes that the modest expansions of federal health programs that he has submitted to Congress are important steps in the right direction, but will not commit himself to true national insurance. His chief assistant for health affairs, Under Secretary Roger O. Egeberg, thinks that some such plan may very well evolve in "six to seven years." His prognosis is as good as any.



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THE THEATER

Fabulous

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

—Dr. Johnson

If *Company* had a text, that would be it. This is a musical that one wants to rave about first and talk about later. To say that it is the finest musical of the '69-'70 season would be true, but a little bit like praising a candle flame in a blackout. To place *Company* in the perspective of exciting excellence that it occupies, one must call it a landmark musical, one of those few shows that enter the permanent lore of the



HOWLAND & JONES IN "COMPANY"

A marriage in Manhattan.

theater by altering the vocabulary of dramatic possibilities.

The clue to an outstanding musical is one grand guiding metaphor. *Company* makes Manhattan a metaphor for marriage. Manhattan is an island of anguish and delight; so is marriage. Manhattan is an incessant roar of competitive egos; marriage is a subdued echo of the same. Manhattan is a meeting of strangers; marriage is a mating of strangers. Manhattan is a war of nerves; marriage is a ferocious pillow-fight battle of the sexes. The links do not stop there. The tempo of Manhattan is a kind of running fever; modern marriage runs a fever, and the partners are always taking its temperature. It simply is not the placid old heaven-ordained, till-death-do-us-part, for-better-for-worse institution it used to be.

Making Out in Paradise. *Company* tells all of this and tells it with an undeviating honesty that some playgoers will

find acrid. The five couples involved in *Company* are in their 30s and 40s, too young for resignation and too old to swing, except self-consciously. All the couples play show-and-tell before their favorite friend Robert (Dean Jones), a bachelor of 35. Some of the dilemmas they act out for Robert are common: a drink problem, smoking too much, trying to lose weight—except that New Yorkers have an uncanny flair for self-dramatizing such issues. Some are symbolic: the wife who can karate-chop hell out of her husband. Some are wistfully funny attempts to recapture the old magic: the couple who get stoned on pot but find that marijuana is not really their kick.

The husbands half envy Robert, their wives like to picture him pining away in unrequited loneliness. Far from it. In the bachelor's make-out paradise of New York, Robert is making out. A hilarious and deftly convincing seduction scene finds him in bed with a loquacious airline stewardess whose final act of disrobing is to doff her bellboy-style hat. As she stirs to leave the bed after a discreet blackout, Robert asks the girl where she is going. "Barcelona," she replies for one of the dozens of explosive one-word and one-line laughs that punctuate the show. It is not a cop-out but a truism that in the end Robert discovers that these casual liaisons are a paradise of emptiness that leave him less than alive. His married friends have been his substitute for life, and he decides he had better enter wedlock with all its unholy terrors.

Urban Junglegym. The people who put together *Company* belong on a royal honors' list. At the top stands Stephen Sondheim, composer and lyricist. Many recent Broadway scores have sounded as if they were composed by a Waring Blender. Sondheim is a man with an inventive musical mind; his lyrics have a spartan simplicity, yet they are witty, incisive and playful. Of George Furth, who wrote the libretto, one can only say: Hosanna, finally a book with intelligence. Producer-Director Harold Prince surpasses himself in staging this show and invests each scene with an electric tingle of surprise, delight and authority.

The set is a conversation piece all by itself. Manhattanites spend more time each day traveling vertically than any other people in the world. Designer Boris Aronson has embodied this in a kind of skyscraper-without-walls, a giant urban Junglegym with rising and descending elevators and the metallic, glassy feel of the megalopolis. Choreographer Michael Bennett won a Tony nomination for his dances in *Coco*. If *Company* had opened in time for consideration, he might have taken a Tony home.

To salute one member of the cast is to risk slighting another. The stylishness of the performers is a rarity in the U.S. the-

ater. Dean Jones has just the right low-keyed charm as the hero. Pamela Myers puts the audience under house arrest with a number called *Another Hundred People*. Beth Howland is hilarious as the wife who is too loving as she burns the toast. When it comes to Elaine Stritch and a wickedly caustic song called *The Ladies Who Lunch*, you just know that she has swallowed the cocktail glasses along with the martinis. They are all marvelous, and the pleasure of their *Company* awaits hundreds of thousands of people.

In the months to come, as those playgoers troop out of the Alvin Theater, punctured with laughter and a little pensiveness with an added wisdom of life, they may be looking for one word to describe this show. It's a breathless New York in word—one that New Yorkers haven't had much cause to use recently—fabulous.

When Friends Collaborate

Picture it. Small dark theater, empty of audience. On the tiny stage, a blue spotlight illuminates the tramp, his gray face upturned like a mole's in the glare, hair and high-top shoes mossy with age. The language is English, the rhythms Irish, the author unmistakable: "Dying is such a long tiresome business I always find." Down front, standing in the third row, the world-famous recluse is silhouetted against the light, angular with shy intellect, gray hair *en brosse*, the jug ears set low, long left arm and skinny hand reaching up, pointing out how it should go.

Dress rehearsals are rarely reviewed. But this one in Paris was extraordinary theater in its own right: Samuel Beckett collaborating as director with his friend of many years, Irish Actor Jack MacGowran, in a two-hour, one-man performance called *Beginning to End*, assembled from Beckett's novels and cemented together with passages of his poetry, radio and stage plays. The two have extracted from Beckett's life work the

PIERRE WINGENDER



MacGOWRAN & BECKETT AFTER PERFORMANCE
A corner in Caliban's cell.

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often as a doctor. Reads as much
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since he was a kid, he would probably
say – well, no.

But, then, if he had it all to do over
again ...

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single figure of the Beckett tramp, Fool without his Lear. Now the tramp was confronting his maker in rapt concentration. Intense and difficult listening; this Beckett, like a Bach sonata for unaccompanied violin, is a music compacted of roughnesses and silences, almost demanding of the audience too the explorations and repetitions of rehearsal in order to flower in performance.

Yet next evening, MacGowran, now alone, was able with Beckett's music to still even the inimitable rudeness of a Parisian first night. He did it by a bravura demonstration of Beckett's simplest quality, often obscured by reverence for his profundity; namely, that he is another of the great Irish compulsive talkers. There is a necessary element of the barroom cadger in a role like MacGowran's. Suddenly a bony hand grips the listener's forearm, the bleary eye comes close, the words begin.

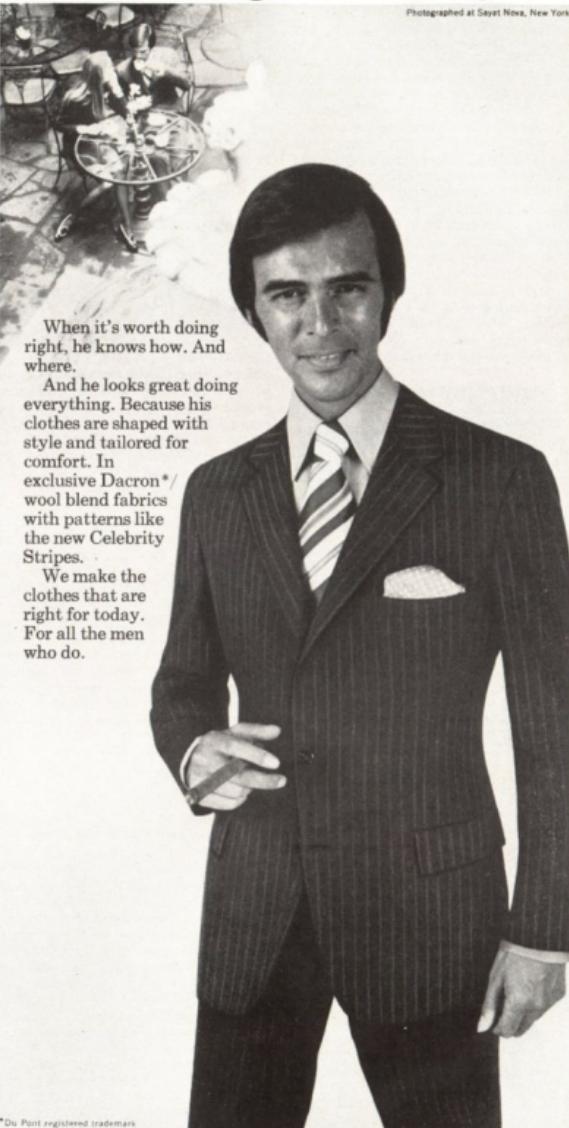
Cunning Anthology. Words without plot. They are drawn from *Malone Dies* and *Mallof*, from *Watt*, *Embers*, *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Waiting for Godot*, but no seams show. There is an incident with a white horse, another with a girl, both long ago. There is an anecdote about two old men, deep trouble, silent snowy night, also long ago. The present, for Beckett's tramp, seems a stretch of shingle beach, or a corner in Caliban's cell. There is an outrageously shaggy story about the arrangement of 16 pebbles in four pockets, which grows with mad logic from the very glean with which MacGowran first so casually confides the notion of his "sucking stones." MacGowran has found, too, Beckett's lilting Celtic love of the earth that resonates unexpectedly with Dylan Thomas—except that where Dylan pounded and battered his great brass bell, Beckett touches his once and lets the sound die.

MacGowran's cunning anthology of Beckett is at root the celebration of man's fear and lust for death. "Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly. The gravedigger puts on the forceps," or, "Oh I know I too shall cease and be as when I was not yet . . . Often now my murmur falters and dies and I weep for happiness as I go along and for love of this old earth that has carried me so long and whose uncomplainingness will soon be mine."

Yet Beckett, a Stoic in a post-Romantic age, strives to find the words to face death with. The words are essential, yet they are impossible; perhaps even silence is impossible. With wrenching beauty at its climax and end, MacGowran's performance makes that terrible paradox its own only consolation. "You must say words, as long as there are any, until they find me, until they say me, strange pain, strange sin . . . Perhaps they have said me already, perhaps they have carried me to the threshold of my story . . . Where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know, you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on."

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BEHAVIOR

Some Pedestrian Observations

Man in motion in a metropolis may be man at his meanest. In a car he jousts for the right of way. In the subway or on a bus he jostles for a seat. On the sidewalk he just walks where he likes, on others' heels, up their backs, into their paths. Or does he? According to Michael Wolff, a doctoral candidate in social psychology, an outstanding characteristic of pedestrian behavior in a big city is consideration.

Even pedestrians in Manhattan, says Wolff, cooperate with fellow walkers. They might not exchange pleasantries like their small-town counterparts, but they "do take into account the qualities and predicaments of other pedestrians in regulating their own behavior." For instance, they generally follow certain unwritten rules of sidewalk traffic. Some of these parallel the written laws of the

road; some simply reflect good old-fashioned chivalry.

Among the unwritten rules: people moving on sidewalks, like vehicles moving on roadways, should keep to the right;¹ elderly citizens have the right of way over their youngers; deference is also due cripples, couples and tourists, such as somebody meandering across the pavement to photograph the Empire State Building. (Wolff is uncertain whether women are accorded the right of way over men, but these days that question might have less to do with sidewalk standards than with the feminist revolution.)

Collision Courses. Wolff bases his observations (and he emphasizes that these are all they are, pending further research this summer) on an experiment he conducted last year for a class project at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. Aided by another doctoral candidate, Verena Hirsch, he spent two weeks studying pedestrian phenomena on Manhattan's 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Much of the experiment involved Wolff and Mrs. Hirsch setting themselves on collision courses with other pedestrians and gauging their reactions.

The episodes were filmed by a movie camera in a twelfth-floor window above the street. What the camera did not record, though, were the remarks of pedestrians buffeted by the psychologists: "Whatta madda? Ya blind? Why'n ya look where ya goin'? Ya crazy or sump'n?" The way Wolff sees it, such comments indicate that New Yorkers, though inured to many other inconveniences, are not tolerant of sidewalk bumping: they expect some degree of cooperation from other pedestrians in order to avert collisions.

Most pedestrians observed in the study demonstrably made that effort. A popular maneuver in busy traffic was what Wolff dubbed the "step-and-slide"—a slight angling of the body, a turning of the shoulder and an almost imperceptible sidestep, all of which is reciprocated by the oncoming pedestrian.

Wolff also noted behavioral patterns among pedestrians walking in the same direction. Generally, they move in a sort of formation that permits them to see over the shoulders of the people in front. When one person in a cluster of individuals changes position, the others adjust theirs to accommodate the new "over-the-shoulder" relationship. Walking directly behind somebody is usually saved for congested sidewalks, when the person ahead is used as a sort of blocking guard. Hurrying through a crowd alone is often more tiring than timesaving. "To beat the rush-hour mob in New York," says Wolff, "you have to dance like Nureyev."



WALKERS ON 42ND STREET
For crowds, the "step-and-slide."

*War is an excuse
to kill.*

*If you need an excuse,
that's a good one.*

Feel free

*to kill
and say you kill
to be free.*

*Freedom
is a good excuse
if you need one.*

Count the dead:

*killing
by the numbers
kills no one
in particular,
nothing personal,
you know,
which is a good excuse
if you need one.*

*The killer
needs an excuse, and peace
is no excuse.*

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* In Britain, as some bruised Americans have noted, it is the left.



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SPORT

The Little General

In the second grade in Binger, Okla., they asked us what we wanted to be. Some said they wanted to be a farmer. Some said rancher. Cowboy. I said I wanted to be a ballplayer, and they laughed. In the eighth grade they asked the same question, and I said ballplayer and they laughed a little more. By the eleventh grade they weren't laughing.

These days no one laughs at the Cincinnati Reds' Johnny Lee Bench, not even when he says he is going to be baseball's first \$100,000-a-year catcher. Instead, rival managers laud him shame-

nine had only nine players, he shuttled between third base and the pitcher's mound, compiling a 16-1 record with "a lot of no-hitters." So why did he give up pitching for the less glamorous job of catching? "Maybe," he says, "it was because I hit .675 in high school."

Bazooka Pegs. There were no maybes as far as the Reds were concerned. They drafted Bench at 17 and put him right into their farm system. At Peninsula in the Carolina League, his uniform was retired after he broke the club's home-run record with 22 in 98 games. Moving up to Buffalo in 1967, he was named Minor League Player of the Year. The next season he became Cincinnati's No. 1 receiver and predicted that he would be the first catcher to win Rookie-of-the-Year honors. He did just that. Last year he knocked in 90 runs, hit .293 and was named the league's All-Star catcher. After a slow start, Bench so far this season has hit five home runs to help the Reds to a runaway lead in the National League's Western Division, with a 16-6 record.

For all his prowess at the plate, Bench is also the best defensive receiver in the league. At 6 ft. 1 in. and 197 lbs., he is well equipped for the rigors of the trade. He can smother wild pitches with either of his oversized hands, and his bazooka-like pegs prove his pronouncement that "I can throw out any base runner alive." The St. Louis Cardinals' Lou Brock did not believe it until he tried to run on Bench last season and stretch his skein of 21 consecutive stolen bases. End of skein.

Against the Dodgers one day, Bench picked a runner off second, cut down another at third, and then, fielding a perfectly executed bunt, rocketed a throw to first to end the inning. Part Choctaw Indian, Bench keeps the Reds hustling with his war whoops from behind the plate: "Hey, let's shake it up! What is this, a Sunday school picnic?" Dubbed the "Little General" by teammates, he is equally adept at the subtle art of handling pitchers. "I'm about ten years older than Johnny," says the Reds' Jim Maloney, "yet he'll come out to the mound and chew me out as if I were a two-year-old. So help me, this kid coaches me. And I like it."

Anxious to give Bench a rest from his catching chores, Reds' Manager Sparky Anderson plans to use him occasionally at third and first base. Watching Bench work out in the infield recently, Anderson sighed: "It's just pitiful that one man should have so much talent." Some fans wonder why the Reds do not use Johnny as a relief pitcher. "I guess they're afraid I'd jeopardize my arm," Bench says. Then, after a pause, he adds with typical aplomb: "But I bet you I could get 'em out."

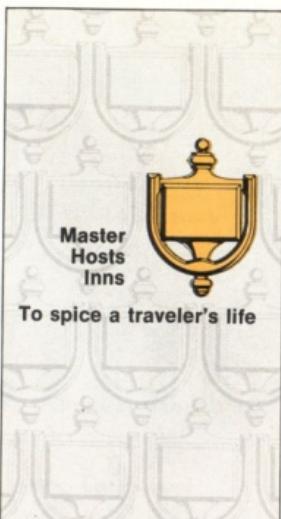


JACK BLUWIE

BENCH IN ACTION
First \$100,000 backstop?

lessly. Chicago's Leo Durocher: "Bench is the greatest catcher since Gabby Hartnett." Montreal's Gene Mauch: "If I had my pick of any player in the league, Bench would be my first choice." Los Angeles' Walter Alston: "He'll be the All-Star catcher for the next ten years." Just 22, Johnny Lee does not take the high praise too seriously. He merely agrees.

Why not? Bench's success has come as easily and naturally as a second-grade's daydreams. Back in Binger, which he says is "two miles beyond Resume Speed," he was high school class valedictorian and an all-state basketball and baseball player. Since the Binger



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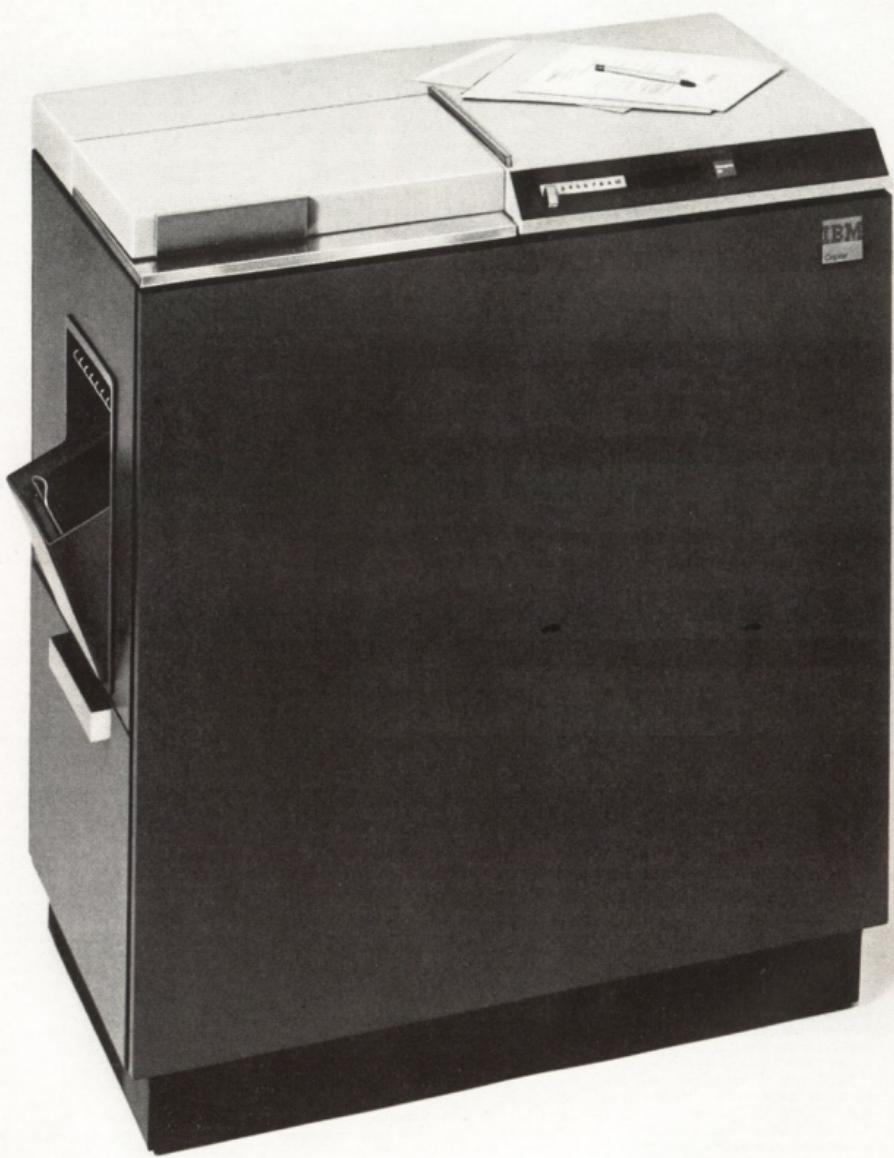
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ART

Ghost Maker

In A.D. 79, a volcano erupted and covered Pompeii with ash. Eighteen hundred years later, archaeologists found that the Pompeians' bodies, long since dust, had left molds of themselves in the impacted cinders. The scientists poured in liquid plaster, and when it set, the casts were lifted out and put in a local museum.

This may not have been the archaeological coup of the age, but in some mysterious fashion, it suddenly seized the imagination of a group of European sculptors after World War II. All at once, Bond Street and Rue de Seine overflowed with tasteful mock fossils by Marino Marini, Germaine Richier

until, he says, "one moment clicks with me. A person may reveal nothing of himself and then suddenly make a movement that contains a whole autobiography." The pose held, Segal covers the model's hair with Saran Wrap and the exposed flesh with grease; then he wraps him up in gauze bandages soaked in liquid Hydro-Stone. For the model, this mummification can be an itchy, nasty and claustrophobic experience. One of Segal's models, the wife of New York Taxi Mogul Robert Scull, panicked inside the cast and had to be cut out, leaving her Courreges boots behind.

The finished casts are set up in "environments": a store window, before a mirror, or—in *The Aerial View*, the most elaborate image in Segal's new

ALFRED STATTNER

Mellow Master

"It's an ordeal for an artist to see most of the work he's done in the past decade all put together," said British Sculptor Henry Moore recently in Manhattan. "It's like reviewing your life and being—well, a bit critical." He was tired after a week spent supervising the installation of two large one-man shows in two midtown galleries, but Henry Moore need not have worried. At 71, his work shows fresh subtleties of invention and a heightened sensuousness of surface.

Eccentric Orbit. The New York shows include a total of 43 bronzes at the Marlborough Gallery and 17 stone carvings at M. Knoedler & Co., all done since 1961. Even the smallest pieces have authority. *Helmet Head* is only 182 in. high; yet it has the majesty of a public monument. "You can see in it the idea of protecting, of mother and child, I suppose," says Moore, "but it doesn't want you to know all about it. One could make a whole career out of this one form."

Pointed Torso is not much larger, but its highly polished surfaces reflect everything within sight and bring a whole world into eccentric orbit around it. "Those points would break off in stone," says Moore. "That's one reason I work in bronze. Another is the time element. Life isn't eternal, you know, and I can make three ideas in bronze for every one I make in stone." Nevertheless, carving was Moore's first love. "When I was a young sculptor nine out of every ten pieces I did were in wood or stone. I thought that a stone carver was superior to a modeler." In recent years Moore has increasingly indulged himself in carving. Since 1965, he has spent his summers at Forte dei Marmi near the famous Carrara marble quarries. He sometimes spends whole days tramping over the quarries to find the right piece of stone. "I like the actual activity of carving. With a hammer and chisel in hand, my worries go, and I begin to whistle and sing without knowing why."

Two Nuns originated when Moore picked up a shell on the beach at Forte dei Marmi. "I thought it would be nice to carve, and I made one version, then another," says Moore. "After everything was finished, the two sculptures reminded me of nuns' veils. In Italy nuns always go around in pairs, and that's why I gave them that name." *Bust of a Girl*, though highly abstract, suggests a perky little tomboy with a hat pulled down over her eyes. "They're both little bits of fantasy," he says.

These recent pieces embody the warm and expansive feeling for life that distinguishes Moore from other great modern sculptors. No matter how far from realistic appearances, they lovingly echo the forms and rhythms of nature. No matter how small, they are touched by an elemental grandeur. But something has been added. Like the Chinamen in Yeats' *Lapis Lazuli*, Moore's ancient glittering eye is gay.



GEORGE SEGAL IN HIS STUDIO
The angst is also a badge.

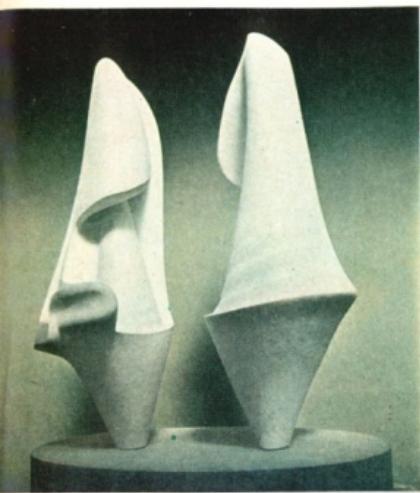
and César. The style spread to America. The parallels were too many and too pat to miss: Pompeianism suited many a Fifties liberal, with his passive sense of impending catastrophe and his culturally induced impotence in the face of Joe McCarthy and Curtis LeMay. (Q: What did you do in the Great War, Daddy? A: I sat down in an orderly manner, baby, ate some larks' tongues and waited for the ash.) The Pompeian mode produced only one noteworthy American variant that survives into the 1970s: George Segal, whose latest plastered figures currently populate the Sidney Janis Gallery with a ghostly white company.

Segal casts his sculptures direct from life in his studio outside New Brunswick, N.J., a converted chicken house whose successive rooms, dimly lit and filled with immobile plaster figures, suggest an archaic burial chamber. The models are the artist's friends. Segal watches them, studying their gestures and movement

show—contemplating a diorama of New York at night. *The Bowery* shows an alcoholic collapsed on the pavement, with a man leaning casually against the rusty iron of a closed shopfront and staring neutrally at him. "I wasn't at all interested in the bum," says Segal. "What interests me is the uninvolved spectator there, and what's going through his head." Precisely. The unvarying subject of Segal's art is loneliness, alienation, and a tremulous, failing effort of trapped people to touch one another.

Authentic though the angst is, Segal's images tend to wear it as a dandy wears his cane—as a badge rather than an expression of individuality. The tension Segal achieves between the intimacy of his situations and the stiff, objective distance of the plaster effigies is often haunting. But even ghosts can turn predictable. And sometimes one feels that, inside the plaster man, there is a plastic one signaling to be let out.

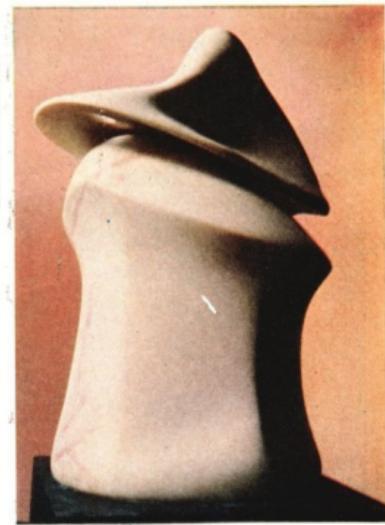
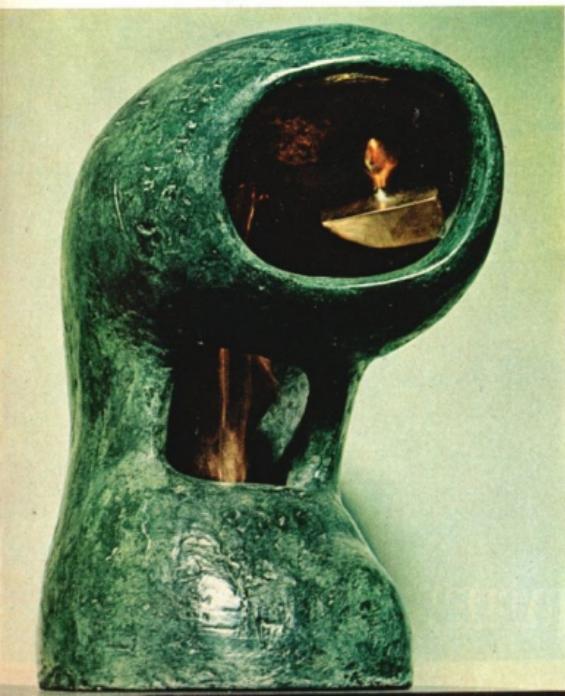
MOORE'S SEVENTH DECADE



Two Nuns (1968)



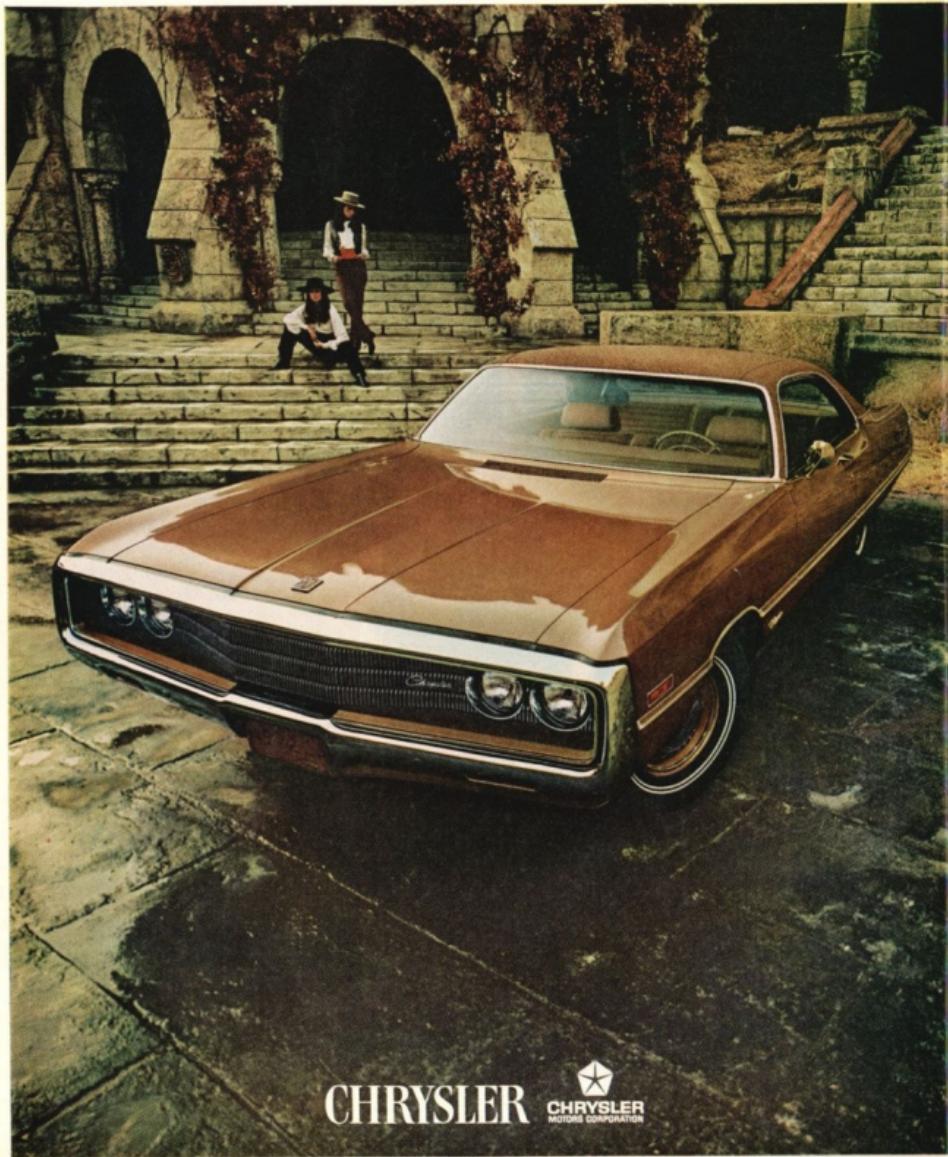
Pointed Torsos (1969)



Bust of a Girl (1968)

Helmet Head No. 4 (1963)

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RELIGION

Easier on Mixed Marriages

For the average Protestant, Jew or other non-Catholic, the most perplexing ecumenical problem is a personal one: what if he or she should decide to marry a Roman Catholic? Many a non-Catholic who wants to marry a Catholic has found himself faced with two difficult demands: that he must promise to raise any children as Catholics, and that the marriage must take place before a Catholic priest. Last week, in a 2,400-word instruction, Pope Paul VI removed the promise requirement entirely for the non-Catholic partner and ruled that local bishops may henceforth grant dispensations from a Catholic ceremony.

The new rules go into effect Oct. 1, giving national bishops time to establish guidelines applying the new regulations to local situations. Though applications will vary, the document does mean that a mixed marriage "for serious reasons" may now be performed by someone other than a Catholic priest or deacon—such as a Protestant minister—and it opens up the theoretical possibility that a mixed couple could be joined by a Jewish rabbi or even a Buddhist priest. A "serious reason" might be the forceful objection of the non-Catholic partner's parents to a Roman Catholic ceremony. The Catholic partner will in any case continue to be required to promise "to do all in his power to have all children baptized and brought up in the church." But the non-Catholic party will merely be informed of the promise his spouse has made instead of having to make the promise himself.

A Gift for the Neighborhood

Washington's Episcopal Church of St. Stephen and the Incarnation is in the narrow, racially mixed belt that separates Washington's black ghetto from its white community. Just north of the 1968 riot area, the tall, brown brick church has been engulfed by urban redevelopment. Last week the parishioners of St. Stephen and the Incarnation voted overwhelmingly (137-2) to do some urban developing of their own. They will give the three church lots—1.28 acres, valued at \$300,000—as the core for a new "urban village."

Other churches have given away property or sold it for token prices, but most have then moved to the suburbs. St. Stephen's parishioners propose no such thing. Led by its activist pastor, Father William Wendt, 50, the congregation will be a minority shareholder in a new redevelopment corporation and work actively with other neighborhood groups. The major goal: to acquire more land and build a 200-unit apartment complex (from efficiencies to five-bedroom room apartments) for tenants from all economic levels. The tentative master plan also provides space for day-care centers, medical and dental offices,

schools and recreation. Parishioners gave prime importance to a place of worship in the plan, though probably a smaller one than the old church, which may well be torn down to make room for the project.

Social Force. St. Stephen and the Incarnation (two separate parishes until 1928) has long been a social force in its neighborhood. The church already runs a day-care center, a senior-citizens' hot lunch program, and houses neighborhood recreational facilities. Father Wendt, a South Dakotan who once worked on Manhattan's Lower East Side, has often irritated Washington's house-and-garden society Episcopalians



HART & WENDT
Pledging more than their land.

by his activism. Last September, Vestryman George Hart, a member of the Black United Front, addressed the congregation to demand that the church give \$25,000 and pledge 50% of its income as reparations to the black community. He was refused, but parishioners began meeting to explore avenues for the best use of their property.

Their decision may mean far more to the neighborhood than the \$300,000 value of the church property. The new corporation hopes to attract other church funds, foundation money and a low-cost Government loan for their project. The land itself may be sufficient collateral to produce up to ten times its value in financing. But St. Stephen's parishioners have already pledged more than their land. At Wendt's urging, the congregation agreed that each member of the church will contribute a portion of his income not only for the church but for the neighborhood as well.

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THE LAW

The Douglas Case (Contd.)

Determined to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, House Republican Leader Gerald Ford decided not to introduce a formal resolution. That would be handled by the House Judiciary Committee, and Ford was afraid its liberal members might block his move. Instead, he urged a special probe into Douglas' conduct. The only approval required for that was from the conservative House Rules Committee. But liberals rapidly upset Ford's plan.

Indiana Democrat Andrew Jacobs introduced his own formal impeachment resolution. As a result, the Judiciary Committee set up a special subcommittee to look into the Douglas case. Meanwhile, Douglas was under pressure from a delegation of friends who were upset because his lofty self-confidence was keeping him from answering his critics. In a lengthy private meeting, says former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, who participated, "we told Bill to get off his duff." The 71-year-old Justice relented and duly offered complete access to his "court records, correspondence files, financial matters, or otherwise."

Douglas also disqualified himself from the most celebrated obscenity matter now before the court—two cases involving the Swedish film, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Though he gave no reason, the film is distributed by Grove Press, which recently paid Douglas \$200 for the right to print excerpts from his controversial book, *Points of Rebellion*, in *Evergreen* magazine.

To prepare for the Judiciary Committee probe and whatever may follow it, Douglas hired a topflight lawyer: Simon H. Rifkind, a former federal judge and the New York attorney who represented Jacqueline Kennedy in her vain attempt to stop publication of William Manchester's book, *Death of a President*. In a letter to the *New York Times*, written before Douglas hired him, Rifkind opened Douglas' defense by taking sharp issue with Gerald Ford's contention that "an impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." According to Rifkind, Ford's view would mean that "federal judges hold office at the pleasure of the Congress." That idea, said Rifkind, is "subversive of the independence of the judiciary."

New Rules for Obscenity?

By withdrawing from the *Curious (Yellow)* cases, Justice Douglas avoided involvement in a court-splitting headache. Indeed, the film has already split courts across the country. It has been shown in more than 125 communities without legal challenge; courts from New Jersey to New Mexico have approved it. But other judges, in such places as Boston, Baltimore, Kansas City,

Phoenix and Spokane, have banned the movie as obscene.

In the *Fanny Hill* case (1966), Justice William Brennan, writing for a three-man plurality of the Supreme Court, held that a work is obscene only if it meets three criteria simultaneously: 1) the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest; 2) the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards; and 3) the material is "utterly" without redeeming social value. To what extent do worthy parts redeem the whole? In *Curious*, the explicit sexual adventures of the film's heroine, Lena, are only part of



SCENE FROM "I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW)"
No rescue from the Psalms.

her activities; much of the movie is devoted to her episodic exploration of violence, indifference and social inequality in her society.

Immoral and Illicit. More than a year ago, the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York ruled that the film could be imported into the country. Judge Henry Friendly admitted that "a truly pornographic film would not be rescued by inclusion of a few verses from the Psalms." But Friendly found "a connection between the serious purpose and the sexual episodes."

By contrast, the Maryland Court of Appeals ruled *Curious* obscene on the ground that the unsexy parts "seem a contrived ruse to give the movie social value." Phoenix Superior Court Judge Paul W. La Prade was even more critical. In his December decision banning the film, he insisted that it "has no plot, no economic message and no religious dogma. Its only message is immoral copulation, public fornication and illicit habits."

Private Viewing. The case on which the Supreme Court heard oral arguments this week involves a ban on the film in Massachusetts; the Maryland ban is waiting in the wings. Although these cases could divide the court, they could also enable it to provide more guidance than the standards set in *Fanny Hill*. Justice Brennan is still on the bench, but Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justice Abe Fortas, who joined him in that opinion, are gone. Douglas, who concurred, is now out of the argument, at least for the Massachusetts case. Brennan's only allies are likely to be Justice Potter Stewart, who concurred in *Fanny* on the basis of his own test for hard-core pornography ("I know it when I see it"), and Justice Hugo Black, who, like Douglas, argues that the First Amendment prohibits all censorship. Justices John M. Harlan and Byron White have argued that states should be allowed greater latitude in enforcing their own standards of obscenity, and Chief Justice Warren Burger agrees. The key votes could be those of Thurgood Marshall, who joined the court after *Fanny Hill*, and Harry Blackmun, who may well be confirmed before the Maryland case is disposed of.

The Massachusetts case is so encrusted with procedural problems that the court could dispose of it without giving states more power to set obscenity rules. The court could also adopt reasoning that would give the states less responsibility. In *Stanley v. Georgia* last year, the court ruled that the First Amendment gave an Atlanta man named Stanley the right to view an obscene movie in the privacy of his own home. Extending that decision, a three-judge federal district court in Boston held that adults have a similar right to view whatever they wish in movie theaters. To give them that right, as the federal court saw it, film exhibitors should not be prosecuted if they keep out children, do not use advertising that offends the sensibilities of the general public, and warn adults what they are in for before they pay their money.

Wrote Federal Judge Bailey Aldrich: "If a rich Stanley can view a film in his home, a poorer Stanley should be free to visit a protected theater."

Priest's Progress

Named for an oriental word that is chanted during meditation, the antiwar newsletter *OM* induced unusual meditation among the military brass soon after it appeared 13 months ago. It was written for servicemen by a member of the armed forces, 26-year-old Seaman Apprentice Roger Priest. When Priest sent a copy with a taunting note to L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Rivers booted off a note of his own to the Pentagon asking whether Priest had committed a "gross abuse of the constitutional right of free speech." Soon the seaman was ordered before a general court-martial.

His trial, which ended last week, was regarded as an important test of growing dissent in the military. About 50 antiwar



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The momentum of our time is change.
And the human spirit is the impetus.

Caught up in this general acceleration
is the corporation today.

Its eventual position in what is
becoming a different society
depends on a number of things.
One of these is questioning itself.
The recognition, for instance, that the
thing called Corporate Image can be
a gigantic fossil that does nothing
but put distance between itself
and people.

If the corporation sees itself as an
integral part of the total environment,
and acts within this context,
it will by this very recognition be
doing something about the human spirit.

Innovation is the imperative. It has
never been easy. Even if innovative
steps forward may be ponderous,
the echoes can be boundless.



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The Legend of 100 Pipers.

Our legend says: sip a good Scotch
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Three or four if the Scotch is mellow.

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We don't ask you
to swallow our legend. Just a sip
now and then of the taste
that matches it.

100 Pipers Scotch.
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Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended
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DENNIS PRACE—BLACK STAR



PRIEST WITH RIVERS EFFIGY
Brass meditation.

publications have appeared on various bases during the past two years; servicemen have marched in off-base peace parades and requested permission to hold discussion groups in their barracks.

Bad Conduct. The charges against Priest ranged from encouraging desertion and sedition to violating Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which broadly forbids "all disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and discipline." Priest's lawyer David Rein argued that his client had not directly urged desertion by reporting on groups in Canada that counsel U.S. servicemen who have fled the country. Most important, said Rein, Priest's views were protected by the First Amendment and indeed were no more unusual or harmful than those of General David M. Shoup, retired Marine Corps commandant, who was called to testify on his behalf.

The Navy judge, Captain B. Raymond Perkins, instructed the trial board that "criticism of Government policy may not be considered in and of itself disloyal" and the panel acquitted Priest of soliciting desertion and sedition. But the five officers found him guilty of "promoting disloyalty and disaffection." They ordered him demoted to the lowest naval rank, seaman recruit, and given a bad-conduct discharge.

The day after Priest was sentenced, a South Carolina civilian court convicted the staff of the first antirwar coffee house set up to encourage dissenting soldiers. Three young radicals had operated "U.F.O." (a play on both Unidentified Flying Objects and the USO), near the Army's Fort Jackson. They were found guilty of operating a public nuisance, a misdemeanor for which State Circuit Judge E. Harry Agnew sentenced each defendant to six years in prison.

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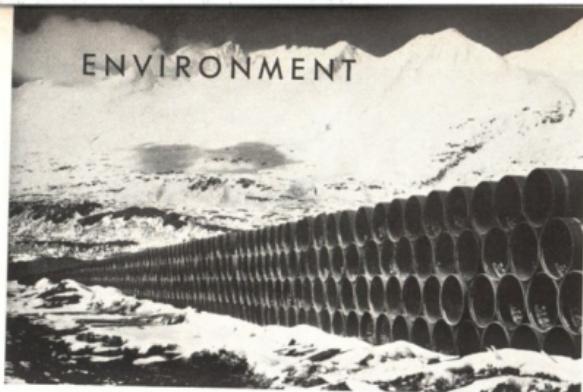
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ENVIRONMENT



STACKED PIPE IN VALDEZ
A hot poker on a cake of ice.

Alaska: Money v. Law

Ever since oil reserves of at least 5 billion barrels were discovered on Alaska's North Slope, oilmen have been wondering how to get the commodity to market. Some suggest sending it across the ice-choked Northwest Passage to the U.S. East Coast on supertankers. Others propose a pipeline through western Canada. But most Alaskans are betting on a controversial pipeline that would run the 773 miles to the ice-free port of Valdez on Prince William Sound.

Last month Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel, a former Governor of Alaska, said that he would sign a permit for construction of the line. The only thing delaying the \$1 billion project, he added, was a "thorough engineering and design analysis" to make sure that the line would not harm the Alaskan environment.

Hott Spill. Many Alaskans are desperate to start right away. Scores of local businessmen who have invested in the project fear bankruptcy if work does not begin soon. Hundreds of construction workers and an estimated \$40 million worth of heavy equipment stand idle in the thin spring sunshine; 150 miles of 48-in. steel pipe are rusting in stockpiles near Valdez. Last week Alaska Governor Keith Miller led a delegation of 150 men to Washington, where they lobbied hard for two days. By the time they flew home, they had encountered failure and success—both at the hands of Walter J. Hickel.

Hickel pointed out that the proposed line would carry hot oil over frozen soil. Unless designed with extreme care, he insisted, it would act like a hot poker on a cake of ice. After thawing the permafrost, the line might sag into the slush and finally break, spilling oil that could do great harm because it would last for years. Moreover, the line's route would cross earthquake zones. Since each mile of pipe would have a capacity of 100,000 barrels of crude, any break in the line could have disastrous consequences.

The dangers are well known to the en-

gineers of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, a consortium of eight oil companies and their pipeline subsidiaries. Obeying strict stipulations written by the Interior Department and the U.S. Geological Survey, the engineers have ordered corrosion-resistant steel pipe and plan to provide remote-control shut-off valves along the route. In addition, they must respect the ecology of the areas the pipe crosses. However, their plans call for burying 90% of the pipeline in the permafrost, while the Geological Survey wants about 50% of it raised on stilts over the tundra. Until the differences can be worked out, Hickel says, work on the pipeline will not begin.

Circumvention. Even so, the Alaskans may have found a way to help their troubled economy. As part of the pipeline project, a \$120 million road would have to be built on what is now federally owned land from the Yukon River to the oilfields. Last month a U.S. district court temporarily enjoined Hickel from issuing permits to build either pipeline or road. Reason: they exceed right-of-way widths specified in the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920, and do not fully comply with the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which requires a complete statement of the ecological impact of such projects. Still, Hickel and Governor Miller believe that, strictly speaking, the road is not covered by the law and is at least arguably independent of the pipeline. If Alaska can claim the land from the Federal Government, the state can build the road at its own expense. Last week, with no objection from Hickel, Miller set out to do just that.

This unabashed attempt to circumvent a federal court order left some people agast. Said Russell E. Train, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality: "It is my personal opinion that the construction of the road in question should not proceed until and if a pipeline route is determined." Conservation groups are continuing to try to stop Governor Miller in court.

Computers v. Pollution

Bombed to rubble in World War II, Rotterdam later became a marvel of economic growth. Holland's second biggest city now boasts the world's busiest port and a vast complex of petrochemical plants with blue-chip owners like Shell and British Petroleum. Unfortunately, the marvel also gushes appalling fumes—acrylates, hydrocarbons, paint solvents and sulfur dioxide. Of all Dutch deaths from bronchitis in urban areas, the highest number occur in Rotterdam. Dutch workers are quitting the city's industries, which are seeking replacements from as far away as Turkey.

In response to this situation, Rotterdam has completed the first phase of the world's most sophisticated, fully automated, air-pollution-warning system, which will soon be nationwide. It consists of 31 electric "sniffers," which monitor sulfur dioxide in the atmosphere. Mounted on poles around 21 major plants, the sniffers filter SO_2 traces, translate hourly readings into electric current and transmit the data to a central Philips' Gloeilampenfabrieken computer located in the nearby town of Schiedam. If the SO_2 level rises above .5 parts per million, the computer sounds an alarm and an electronic map pinpoints the offending plant. If weather conditions indicate a pollution buildup in the area, the computer operator calls the offender and requests a cutback in waste emissions.

The system is so precise that the sniffers can detect a single polluting smokestack almost four miles from a sensor. Officials at Shell's giant refinery in Rotterdam recently received a call asking them why the plant's No. 4 boiler was

PIERRE HORESSER



ROTTERDAM'S SNIFFING SYSTEM
Pinpointing the source.



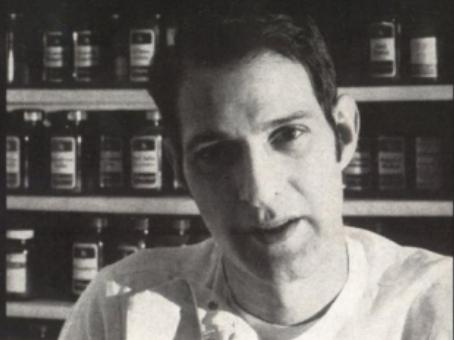
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"If you think all drugs are created equal... ask your pharmacist."



A pharmacist speaks candidly about his role in the dispensing of medicines.

I work with medicines every day and with the doctors who prescribe them. Over the years, I've been constantly aware that there are real differences in drug products and their effects on patients . . . even those products which have the same chemical composition. Research has shown that a drug's effectiveness can be influenced by a number of factors, including its solubility, particle size, crystal form, tablet compression, and age. Your doctor and I know from experience how certain medicines work; that's why he prescribes and I dispense quality products with which we are familiar. And that's why I am a firm believer in using brand name products or quality

generics from reliable manufacturers . . . companies whose performance you can depend on.

Time and again it's been proved that a drug product containing the same active ingredients made by several companies will have markedly different effects in human subjects. With the potent and potentially dangerous drugs of today, I say put your trust in the doctor and pharmacist to provide the medicine that's best for your particular needs.

Personally, I would never settle for less.

*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical
Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C. 20005*

burning oil with an unusually high sulfur content. As it turned out, Shell had run out of cleaner fuel—and wrongly figured that its burn would pass unnoticed in Rotterdam's smoggy air.

Pollution sensors are not unique to The Netherlands. Some U.S. cities, such as New York, have tried various types since 1967. IBM is currently working on a 103-sensor network for Pennsylvania's Allegheny County (Pittsburgh). None of these systems, however, can pinpoint the source of existing pollution.

A Plastic for Ecologists

The trouble with modern plastics is that they seem to be as immortal as they are useful. Plastic garbage bags litter Italy; Florida's discarded containers clog Bahama beaches. Each year one Kansas plant makes enough cellophane to wrap the earth with a 15-inch band 40 times; most of it becomes enduring garbage. Even getting rid of plastics can be dangerous. When polyvinyls like Saran Wrap are burned, they produce corrosive hydrochloric acid.

The obvious need, a plastic that decomposes naturally, may soon become a reality. An international team of scientists, led by University of Toronto Chemist James E. Guillet, has designed a plastic that Guillet claims will self-destruct when exposed to sunlight, but will remain intact if it is kept indoors.

Time Clock. Plastics contain tough carbon chains that are often 10,000 times longer than those found in ordinary molecules. Some scientists estimate that it may take a million years before microorganisms capable of attacking the man-made material can be produced in nature. Rather than wait, some chemists have infused plastics with chemical "time clocks": automatic decomposers. But there was no way of controlling the rate of decomposition, say weeks for cups, and years for auto tailights. Nor did manufacturers want a plastic that could disintegrate on the shelf or in a customer's hands.

Guillet's team got around such problems by finding a way to chemically bond groups of "sensitized" molecules directly to the plastic's carbon chain. When these "S" groups absorb ultraviolet light from direct sunlight, he says, their carbon "backbones" soon begin to be decomposed by microorganisms. But indoors—even in front of glass windows—they will not be affected. Guillet claims that the speed of the breakdown can be controlled by varying the number of "S" groups bonded into the plastic molecules. He also thinks that the process would raise the price of plastics by only a few cents per pound.

"I see first uses," says Guillet, "in wrappings and containers that get left behind outside, or are thrown overboard." The new plastics can also be used as a covering for some crops. Once ripped by weather, the film would be broken into even smaller particles by microorganisms—and so could be plowed back into the earth as fertilizer.



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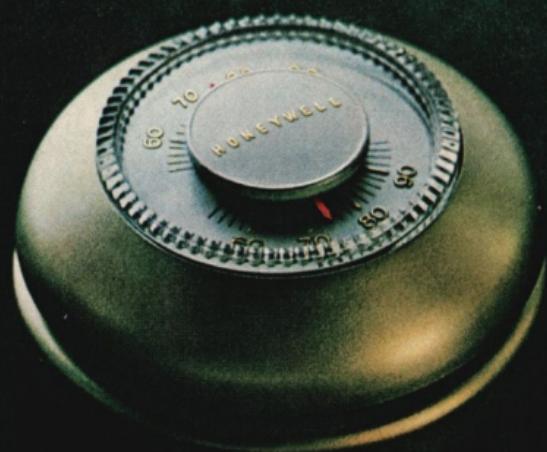
In Madison, it's a touch of home for traveling kids. Bunnies in the courtyard waiting to be loved and petted.



Coffee shop breakfasts and hamburger lunches are great for families on the go. But in Denver (and most Best Western locations) you can live it up at dinner in friendly but formal dining rooms.

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So if you're buying, building or remodeling, make sure your heating or cooling system comes with a Honeywell Round. Because then you're half way to a Honeywell Comfort Control Center and total home comfort all year round.



Honeywell
AUTOMATION

MILESTONES

Rarely in one week has show business suffered such a succession of losses:

Died. Inger Stevens, 35, Swedish-born movie and TV star (*The Farmer's Daughter*); of an overdose of barbiturates; in Hollywood. A one-time chorus girl, she played TV roles in *Studio One* and *Kraft Theater* productions in the mid-1950s, won notice in Hollywood, where she appeared opposite Bing Crosby in *Man on Fire*, and went on to star in many more films, most recently *A Dream of Kings*.

Died. Anita Louise, 53, blonde Hollywood veteran who starred in more than 70 films; of a stroke; in Los Angeles. A trouper since the age of five when she played in *The Sixth Commandment*, she was regarded as the most beautiful woman in films during the late 1930s. Her roles ran the Hollywood gamut (*Casanova Brown; Retreat, Hell!*), but she confessed a preference for period and costume pictures (*Titania* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Marie Antoinette* in *Madame Du Barry*).

Died. Gypsy Rose Lee, 56, mistress of striptease; of cancer; in Los Angeles. Gypsy was 15 and traveling the vaudeville circuit when she was offered a chance at burlesque. "I was tired of starving so I grabbed it," said Gypsy. By the time she was 17, she was a headliner for Billy Minsky, and went on to display her 5-ft, 9½-in. figure in a succession of top billings: Ziegfeld's *Follies*, *George White's Scandals*. Billy Rose's Casino de Paree, Damon Runyon admired her and Walter Winchell spotlighted her in his column. After seeing her gracefully dispense with her clothing, Jean Cocteau exclaimed "How vital!" She "retired" in 1937 to become an author (*The G-String Murders, Gypsy*) and sometime actress (*You Can't Have Everything*), but continued to make scores of "final" appearances. Asked about her style, Gypsy quoted her teacher Tessie the Tassel Twirler. "In burlesque," Tessie once told her, "you've got to leave 'em hungry for more. You don't just dump the whole roast on the platter."

Died. Ed Begley, 69, winner of Hollywood's and Broadway's highest honors; of a heart attack; in Hollywood. Begley started out in radio in 1931, was heard in a number of roles, including Charlie Chan, and was in his mid-40s before turning to films. He was usually cast as the heavy, won critical plaudits in *The Great Gatsby*, *Twelve Angry Men*, and most notably, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, which gained him a 1962 Oscar. Broadway audiences remember him best as the glowering Matthew Harrison Brady in 1955's *Inherit the Wind*, for which he won the Tony Award.

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Bob Lynch and his wife, from Walla Walla, Washington, are getting a big kick out of spending their \$200 duty-free allowance in London.

With Mrs. Lynch in a smashing evening gown, the furthest thing from her husband's mind is the U.S. balance of payments. And who can blame him?

What he probably doesn't know is that many of the Londoners they dealt with are customers of ours.

The owner of the boutique on King's Road in Chelsea, for instance, drives a rented Avis car on weekends.

The maître d' of their favorite restaurant spent his last summer vacation at the Sheraton-Malta Hotel in St. Julian's on the Mediterranean, and the manager of their hotel owns a color TV set made by ITT KB, one of our British companies.

Contributions—at home and abroad

Last year U.S. companies operating abroad contributed over \$5 billion to the balance of payments.

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Companies like ours make a direct contribution to economic strength abroad through foreign payrolls, taxes, exports, new construction and purchases of parts and raw material. And by decreasing costs through more efficient production, by stabilizing employment and by paying a fair return to investors.

What's more, foreign direct investment in the U.S. now comes to more than \$10 billion. And a number of countries—

especially Great Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Japan—now compete aggressively with the U.S. in world markets. The large U.S. balance of payments deficit for last year makes this obvious.

Key is growth

The key to U.S. success in world markets is growth. No company can stand still for very long today, especially in a world that demands application of advanced technology and modern business management techniques for survival.

To help ensure our continued growth abroad, we have built a strong base in the U.S. From this base—and the ones we have established in other major countries over the years—we are helping companies like Levitt, Avis and Sheraton expand internationally.

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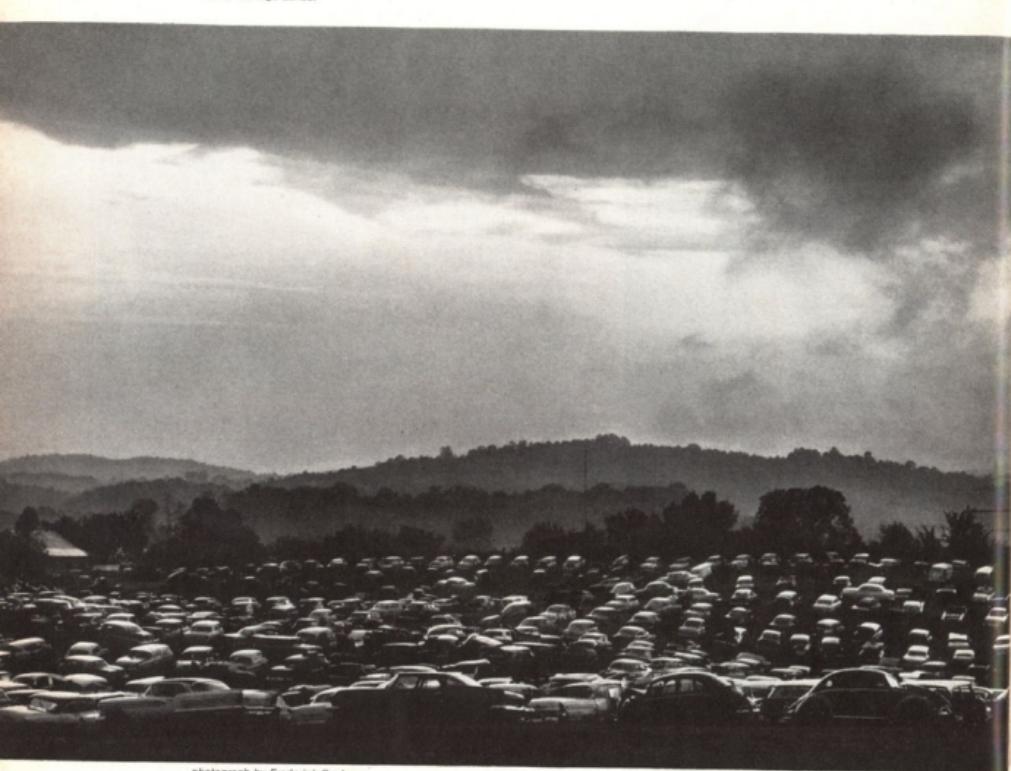
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our posterity cannot squander."

Walter Savage Landor



photograph by Frederick Beckman

Rand McNally publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers



BUSINESS

Trying to Jawbone the Stock Market

As the stock market plunged precipitously last week to the lowest point in 61 years, President Nixon made a statement that sounded much like the jawboning that he dislikes. He told a group of businessmen visiting the White House that there will be no recession. Then he added: "Frankly, if I had any money I'd be buying stocks right now." The comment was rather reminiscent of John D. Rockefeller's attempt to rally public confidence during the Great Crash.⁶ The Rockefeller bullishness did scarcely anything to stem the market decline in 1929, but Nixon's remark did a little to crystallize sentiment that stock prices had reached bargain levels. It helped set off a technical rally in a deeply oversold market.

The Dow-Jones industrial average, which had plunged nearly 50 points in the five previous trading days, started to surge for the first time in five weeks. The rise was soon interrupted by the Defense Department's announcement that the U.S. would provide aid to South Vietnamese fighting in Cambodia. But the rally picked up steam again and

was slowed only a bit by the President's televised pronouncement that U.S. troops were on the attack in Cambodia. The general feeling was that if the operation turns out to be limited and surgical, it will not overaffect the market. If it widens or lengthens the war, however, it could be disastrous—because Wall Street hates war. The market opened six points lower on Friday, but improved during the day to close at 734, down 14 points for the week.

Beautiful Losers. The President, whose economic advisers often have a cavalier attitude toward the stock market, is beginning to realize that the decline in stock prices is cutting painfully into the hopes and fortunes of Middle America. The 17-month-old bear market on Wall Street is the longest and costliest since World War II. The value of listed stocks held by 26 million Americans has dropped by more than \$200 billion—an average \$7,700 per investor. Many popular issues on the American Stock Exchange and the over-the-counter market have dropped by more than 50%, and some are down as much as 90%.

Almost everyone knows somebody who has suffered losses in the market. Many executives who took loans in order to exercise stock options now find their shares worth far less than the option prices that they had to pay for them. Among Hollywood's beautiful people, several big names are rumored

to be bankrupt. Merrill Lynch reports that margin calls are running twice as high as during the 1966 market decline. When a customer gets wiped out by a margin call, he usually becomes angry at the broker who sold him stock on margin, and with good reason in cases in which the issues were over speculative.

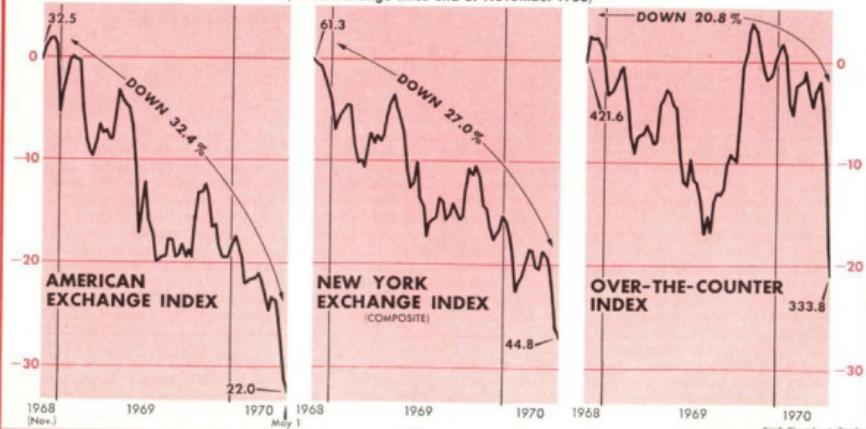
Panicky Rumors. Before the President's jawboning and the technically rally last week, the gloom over the long bear market had turned to despair in Wall Street. Panicky rumors flew—that several mutual funds were insolvent and dumping stocks, that several computer-leasing firms were about to go bankrupt. Goodbody & Co., a major brokerage house, had to deny that it was going out of business. Francis I. du Pont & Co. laid off 15% of its research staff; most of Shearson, Hamill's executives took pay cuts of as much as 50%.

The stock market decline has been reflecting increased public skepticism that inflation will be controlled without a recession and a prolonged period of brutally tight money. Richard Nixon, who believes that a recession cost him the 1960 election, is becoming nervous about the cool, academically oriented plan that his professorial advisers prescribed for putting the U.S. economy back on the track of steady growth and stable prices. Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, contends that the economy

⁶ In 1929, after President Hoover had refused to say anything encouraging about the stock market, John D. Rockefeller made his first public statement in several decades: "Believing that fundamental conditions of the country are sound, my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks." Which prompted Eddie Cantor to crack: "Who else had any money?"

SEVENTEEN MONTHS OF THE JITTERS

(Percent change since end of November 1968)



has already bottomed out after two quarters of decline and is rising again.

This view is contradicted by a Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis study. If the Federal Reserve Board expands the money supply at an annual rate of only 3%, the St. Louis bank projects, there will be a continuing decline in economic activity through 1970 and a recession extending well into next year. Unemployment, according to this projection, will reach 5.6% in the last quarter of this year and 6.7% in the winter of 1971. Most private economists, however, foresee a recovery some time this year.

Critical Number. Early last week the President sought to get some outside views by calling in five economists for a 90-minute bull session. The guests were Milton Friedman, George Katona, Pierre Rinfret, James J. O'Leary of Manhattan's U.S. Trust Co., and Lloyd Ullman, of the University of California. As the most outspoken defender of the Administration's strategy, Friedman was asked to forecast what unemployment would be this autumn. "Five percent," he replied. Said the President: "That's the critical number." To Nixon's surprise, it was recommended that he take a more active role in influencing individual wage and price decisions—something akin to jawboning—though Ullman and Friedman dissented strongly. The stock market came up as only one of many subjects, but Nixon's concern over it became apparent the next day when he expressed his wish to become a bargain hunter.

It will take more than talk to send the market back to where it was late in 1968. The nervousness of investors and the unhappiness of businessmen is caused to a considerable extent by a sense of disenchantment with the Administration. In addition, there is a broad feeling that student violence has hurt the market by undermining people's faith in the nation's future. Howard Stein, who manages the \$2.2 billion Dreyfus mutual fund, is keeping \$500 million in cash, waiting for the right time to invest. "If we thought there was some leadership coming out of Washington right now, we might be tempted to buy," says Stein. Many other mutual funds are also more liquid than usual; the total assets of all funds are now 8.5% in cash—\$4 billion—compared with a normal 5% to 7% range. In sum, there is buying power waiting on the sidelines.

More than in the past, the market's course will be determined by the decisions of the funds. Along with other big institutions, they accounted for more than 60% of public trading volume on the New York exchange in last year's first half, compared with 47.5% in 1966. They may soon move in to scoop up bargains, but what they are really waiting for is easier money, a turnup in profits, a quieting down of the war and a greater sense of stability in a troubled economy—and a troubled nation.

The Corporation Becomes a Target

UNTIL recently, U.S. corporations have seemed almost immune to the outbreaks of violent dissent that have roiled universities, ghettos and city streets. In three tumultuous April weeks, strident conflict has shattered that old tranquillity. Organized activists—protesting the Viet Nam War, pollution and what they consider to be industrial irresponsibility—have disrupted the annual meetings of at least nine major companies. Angry epithets have converted some stockholder gatherings into social battlegrounds. To disperse unruly demonstrators, helmeted police have used tear gas, and company guards have

as first among the city's air polluters. ► In Seattle, 700 stockholders of the Boeing Co. met in a plant cafeteria while 125 demonstrators paraded outside bearing banners that charged: BOEING PROFITS FROM DEATH AND OPPRESSION. The crowd burned a 5-ft. papier-mâché model of a B-1 bomber. Guards prevented all of the protesters from entering the cafeteria; one, after he was ejected, tried to distribute leaflets urging stockholders to demand that Boeing "get out of the war business."

► In Minneapolis, 1,500 demonstrators marched on the headquarters of Honeywell Inc. Many of them were mem-



PROTESTERS BURNING A BOMBER IN EFFIGY
Losing the battles but winning a war?

sprayed disabling Mace. Last week, the confrontations, at four corporate meetings, reached an acrimonious crescendo.

► In Chicago, Commonwealth Edison's annual meeting turned into a debate over pollution. The Rev. Leonard Dubi, a Catholic priest, led a band of 70 proxy-holding protesters and peremptorily gave directors one hour to answer their demands. They called for a halt in the construction of a nuclear power station to avoid thermal pollution of Lake Michigan, and for faster action to reduce the sulfur content of coal that the utility burns. Dubi and his followers then left the hall, thus missing a report by Commonwealth Edison President Thomas G. Ayers outlining plans to cut sulfur emissions around Chicago by 50%. Several stockholders politely urged even more effort, mindful that Chicago's Department of Environmental Control recently listed the company

bers of Minnesota Proxies for People and the Honeywell Project, which had begun drive months ago to force the company to stop manufacturing anti-personnel fragmentation bombs. Security kept most of the demonstrators outside, and guards pushed others from the lobby. When flying beer bottles shattered glass doors and windows, 60 city policemen wearing gas masks formed a skirmish line to clear the entrance. About 300 demonstrators, many of them stripped to the waist and daubed in red and white grease paint, managed to get inside. They shouted demands that Chairman James H. Binger accept their nominations for directors. The Rev. William Grace, a United Presbyterian minister, damned the conduct of the meeting as "immoral, irregular and illegal." As the din continued, Binger announced that he was voting 88% of Honeywell's shares for the management slate of 14 directors. Replying to protests from the



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Helping people build a better life
THE EQUITABLE

floor that others wanted to air their views, Binger snapped: "You've forfeited this right."

► In Pittsburgh, where Gulf Oil Corp. held its meeting, police arrested seven persons during sidewalk disturbances. Inside the meeting hall, 50 proxy-bearing dissidents jeered, booted and shouted demands that Gulf end its defense contracts and stop doing business in Portugal's African colony of Angola. They were supported by several clergymen and professors. Defending Gulf's policies, Chairman E.D. ("Del") Brockett noted that the company supplies less than 4% of all fuel purchased by the Defense Department, and earns a lower margin of profit on it than on civilian sales. "Many derogatory public statements are being made about Gulf," said Brockett. "Many [come from] responsible adults and young people who are seriously devoted to constructive change in our society. They, and all responsible people, are grappling for solutions to the major problems mankind faces. Too often, in the act of grappling, we snag each other instead of the solutions we seek."

Uptight Management. Last week's eruptions were only replays, with minor variations, of earlier confrontations at meetings of American Telephone & Telegraph, United Aircraft, Alcoa, General Electric and Columbia Broadcasting System. The protesters were of varied persuasions—from Marxist-Maoist to Quaker—and they included many affluent young adults and teen-agers. Much central guidance was supplied by the Washington-based New Mobilization Committee, which coordinates the activities of many groups opposed to the war in Viet Nam. New Mobe's avowed aims are to 1) end war production, 2) convert factories to peacetime work without layoffs and 3) gain worker control of U.S. industry.

The harassers at Honeywell and Commonwealth Edison also picked up tactical tips from Chicago's Saul Alinsky, the foundation-subsidized professional radical who regards conflict as a useful cathartic for social ills (*TIME*, March 2). "In all of my battles," says Alinsky, "I have never seen the other side so uptight as they have been on this."

Corporate leaders are indeed concerned. Though enraged dissidents often make dialogue impossible, they are forcing executives to think about questions that most managers once considered beyond the scope of corporate conscience. Wallace G. Taylor, president of Formica Corp., says that businessmen are "deaf, dumb and blind to a hydra-headed new-American revolution that is tearing this country asunder, value by value." How, asks Taylor, "can a country whose business is business continue to be deaf to its own youth and blind to a war that is rapidly turning this country into one of the poor nations?"

Despite—and partly because of—their theatrics, the alienated children of affluence have also confronted U.S. cor-

porations with an immense challenge. Gulf Oil President B.R. Dorsey said that company officials were shaken by the persistent opposition of spokesmen for church groups. "Over the next ten years," Dorsey says, "the public will demand justification for just about everything American industry is doing. If we have a point to make, and I am sure we do, then we had better start finding ways to make it."

Though this spring's protesters have lost their battles to bend corporate policies by direct assault, they have nevertheless sown seeds of change among top management. The year 1970 promises to be a poor one for profits, but to judge from the new currents of thought among executives, it could prove to be rich in the beginnings of social reform in U.S. corporations.

You don't buy your old man's ideas. Why buy your old man's dictionary?



AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY AD
The word is hoopla.

MARKETING The Selling of a Dictionary

In the fusty world of lexicography, new dictionaries are usually introduced with the quiet circumspection generally found in library reading rooms. Though Random House made a stab at mass promotion on its 1966 dictionary, such works rarely generate much publicity. The all-time exception to the rule is the *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, which was brought out last September with the kind of hoopla usually reserved for new detergents. In four months, 440,000 copies were marketed. The dictionary became the biggest-selling hard-cover book published in 1969, ahead of *Portnoy's Complaint* and *The Selling of the President*.

The co-publishers, American Heritage

* Still, that is small potatoes when compared with the perennial bestseller, the King James Version of the Bible, which continued to sell an estimated 10 million volumes last year.

Publishing Co. and Houghton Mifflin Co., expect to move another 610,000 copies this year. Last week, capping one of the most successful book promotions in history, they sold the paperback rights to Dell Publishing Co. for \$750,000, an exceptionally large soft-cover advance. The paperback edition will cost 75¢ and contain 55,000 words, compared with 155,000 in the hardcover dictionary, which sells for \$7.95 in plain covers and \$12.50 in de-luxe binding.

Salty Flavor. The book, originally the idea of American Heritage President James Parton, took four years to produce. It is designed somewhat like the *Petit Larousse*, and has plenty of illustrations in the margins. An arcane glossary of Indo-European word roots lends it a patina of intellectuality, and a listing of almost all the outhouse and bawdyhouse four-letter verbs gives it a salty flavor. To comb out the neologisms and solecisms, the editors consulted a usage panel of 104 unpaid judges, mainly journalists and other writers. Among them: Russell Baker, Vermont Royster, Red Smith and Dwight Macdonald. The wisdom of this move, apart from the publicity it brought the book, became apparent with the rave reviews that followed, some of them by panelists.

A full year before publication, the two companies budgeted more than \$1,000,000 for promotion. That is an astronomical sum for a book. Essentially the book is not much different from, say, the college edition of the Random House dictionary; both have 1,600 pages and include 155,000 words. The American Heritage publishers created an air of difference by plugging their usage panel, the glossary and the liberal use of illustrations. Booksellers were courted with personal sales calls and arresting ads in book journals. One ad showed a clutch of sullen teen-agers under the headline: "You don't buy your old man's ideas. Why buy your old man's dictionary?" By publication date, orders stood at 220,000.

Happy Graduation. In a rare use of television by the book trade, spot commercials bobbed up on *Today*, *Tonight* and other shows. Viewers were offered an unusual trade-in deal: If they bought the new book, they could send their old dictionary into Houghton Mifflin and get \$1 back. The book's editor, William Morris, a sometime salesman who had a brief fling in summer stock, agreed to stay on after his contract expired and help with the promotion. He grew a silver Vandyke beard and plugged the book in a three-month whirlwind of appearances.

Though most critics gave the dictionary good marks, some argued that the Random House or Merriam-Webster dictionaries were better all-round books. The publishers do not brood over criticisms. Besides, the graduation season will soon begin, and that is one of the best-selling times of the year for the men who market dictionaries.

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2,000	20.00	2.00	18.00
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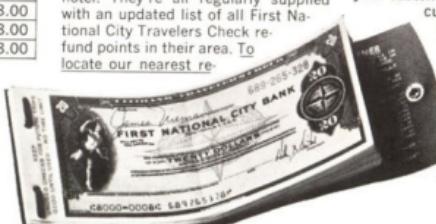
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Comeback for Protectionism

EVER since the modern era of internationalism began in the days of the New Deal, the U.S. has been committed to free trade, and Americans have enjoyed many benefits from that policy. Consumers have been able to buy rising quantities of relatively inexpensive Italian shoes, British clothes, German autos, French food and Japanese cameras. Producers have profited from sales abroad of U.S. aircraft and computers, heavy machinery and soft drinks. The domestic economy gained as well, because international competition helped check inflation. The boons were so apparent that protectionism has been in steady retreat. Now in 1970, a year of economic distress, protectionism is making a comeback.

Caught between falling profits and rising costs, and unable to boost their

year. In that document Nixon affirmed the principle of free trade but suggested tighter restrictions on some imports and more accessible tariff shelters for U.S. industries injured by foreign competition.

Much of the testimony will center on an issue that has become a touchstone of the new protectionism: whether or not the U.S. should impose quotas on imports of Japanese textiles. The question has become charged with emotion on both sides of the Pacific, and ranks with the tug of war over the return of Okinawa to Japan as the worst diplomatic impasse between the two countries in recent years. Last month Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, who is hardly known as a protectionist, introduced a bill designed to write import quotas into law. It would

J.P. Stevens & Co. Inc., which makes a broad range of textile products, closed three of its mills for a week last month. Deering Milliken cut several of its plants back to a four-day week. But much of that can be attributed to the overall slowdown in the economy. Actually, the U.S. textile industry has increased its sales from \$13.8 billion in 1960 to \$21.3 billion last year, and employment has edged upward from 924,400 to 988,250.

Behind the textile industry's demands for protection is the fact that domestic producers' sales have not grown as fast as the textile market has, and their profit margin on sales has remained below 3%. U.S. textile men cannot raise their prices without losing more territory to imports. In effect, quotas on imports would allow manufacturers to increase their profits at the expense of the consumer.

Payment on a Pledge. For their part, the Japanese argue that they are being pressed for quotas because of a Nixon campaign pledge to the big, old and politically powerful textile industry. During the 1968 campaign, both Nixon and Hubert Humphrey promised protection that would hold back imports of wool and man-made fibers by international agreement, much as cotton textiles have been restricted since 1962. Textiles today are less important to Japan's trade balance than they once were; that country has been switching its export emphasis to costlier and more complex products, like television sets and turbines. But the Japanese fear that if they yield on textiles, they will face similar demands for quotas on other goods. The U.S. electronics industry has already asked Washington's tariff commission to investigate alleged Japanese dumping of TV sets. Japanese electronics manufacturers, dismayed by the tough U.S. stand on textiles, are informally discussing among themselves whether to limit their shipments.

There is considerable dissembling on both sides. The Japanese case could probably command greater support among U.S. free-traders if Japan were not itself more protectionist than any other developed nation. It has grown rapidly to economic maturity behind a barricade of restrictions, which once were justifiable as a shield for so-called infant industries. Japanese attitudes have not caught up with the country's important new trading role.

Today Japan maintains 108 import quotas, most of them illegal under the terms of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—though Tokyo plans to abolish restrictions on 55 items by 1971. The government justifies its barriers on the grounds that some Western European nations have similar illegal restrictions against Japanese goods, although on a much smaller scale than Japan. Moreover, Japan has been excessively reluctant to accept foreign investment. Many of its industries are



SPINNING MILL IN JAPAN
A dangerous fight between friends.

prices because of the competition of imports, businessmen are looking more and more to the Republican Administration for help. Unions, alarmed at growing unemployment, are similarly demanding that Washington halt the loss of jobs to low-wage countries. For example, U.S. companies have set up more than 200 electronics plants in Mexico, while Midwestern electronics workers have been discharged. Westinghouse buys TV sets from Japan; and Singer, the last company to make household sewing machines in the U.S., has reduced its domestic work force from 10,000 to 2,000. The complaints of business and labor are being echoed in Congress, which is considering no fewer than 200 bills to restrict imports.

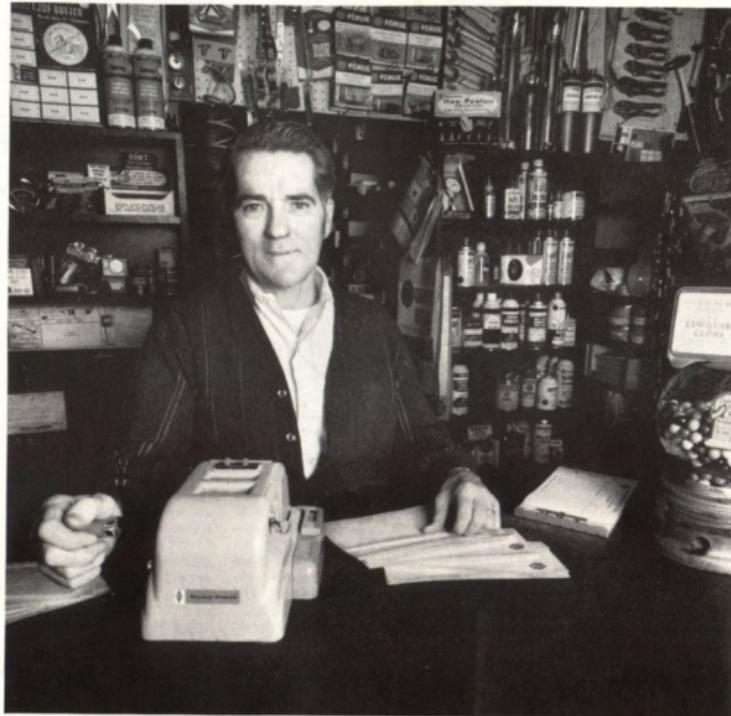
Touchstone Issue. Next week the House Ways and Means Committee will begin hearings on a trade act that President Nixon sent to Congress late last

roll back imports of textiles to average 1967-68 levels, a reduction of 30% from last year, unless exporting nations "voluntarily" agree to limit their shipments to the U.S. The same restriction would be imposed on shoe imports.

Since 1960, textile imports have increased from \$866 million to \$2.1 billion, largely from Japan (though South Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong are increasingly important contributors). Last year the U.S. trade deficit with Japan amounted to \$1.5 billion, and textiles alone accounted for \$504 million. The Nixon Administration has insisted that Japan agree to quotas on all exports of wool and synthetic textiles to this country, and charges that the Japanese refuse to cooperate. The Japanese say that they have offered to restrain shipments of any particular exports that have demonstrably injured U.S. industry.

Damage, however, is difficult to prove.

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closed entirely to outside capital. A four-step program of liberalization, which began in 1967, opens some industries to foreign ownership. While the list includes fabricated iron and steel, most of the other fields that it unlocks—including sake manufacturing, beauty parlors and driving schools—are of scant interest to a foreign investor. The total impact is slight because the list offers little new opportunity in such key sectors as auto manufacturing and electronic computers until the final stage of liberalization in 1971. Even then, the Japanese promise only up to 50% participation in the most important area—automaking. Detroit's manufacturers would like a chance for a larger share.

Merry Christmas. The U.S. campaign to persuade Japan and other countries to lower the barriers will be set back if Congress passes protectionist quotas on textiles. The Japanese are privately resigned to passage of the Mills bill, which could well prove costlier to the U.S. than to it. It would not only place the responsibility on Washington for reversing a worldwide trend toward freer trade, but would also add to inflation in the U.S. The danger always exists that Congress, in an election year, will turn Mills' proposal into a Christmas-tree bill, loading it down with amendments setting quotas on other goods. Manufacturers of electronic and chemical products, flat glass and baseball gloves, to name a few, have called for quotas to protect their own markets.

If the impasse is to be broken, it will probably require some fresh initiative from President Nixon, who appointed Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans to negotiate the quotas in the first place. Nixon could take a useful step by naming a new negotiator. Stans has given every appearance of making the textile industry's cause his own and has apparently given up trying to reach a compromise. A new negotiator, charged by the White House to bargain for a compromise, might find the Japanese less adamant. Even so, the chances of reaching any agreement before the Mills bill passes Congress are discouragingly slim. Both Tokyo and Washington now insist that the other side must make the first concession.

RESTAURANTS

Slump du Jour

To judge by the prices that they charge, the owners of many of Manhattan's Lucullan restaurants live by bread alone. But the slump in the stock market and the squeeze in corporate profits have hit them where it hurts most—right in the cash registers. Empty tables and anxiously idle waiters bear testimony to the deflation of the expense account and the tourist trade.

"Business stinks," says Jack Nussbaum, proprietor of Voisin. "It's down by an average 30% to 50%. People just aren't coming in." Business is also off at Quo Vadis, where dinner for two



MANHATTAN'S VOISIN AT 8 P.M. LAST WEDNESDAY
Where, oh where, have the customers gone?

with wine can easily cost \$50. But Co-Owner Bruno Caravaggi remains sanguine. "It can't last," he says. "There will always be people who seek our kind of service and attention." Attorney Victor Jacobs, who represents La Carravelle, La Côte Basque, Le Manoir and other luxury establishments, calculates that dollar volume has slipped 15% to 20% from last year's levels. This, taken together with rising costs for labor and provisions, leads Jacobs to a bleak conclusion: "I think it might be the end of the de-luxe restaurant era."

The situation varies according to the price category of a restaurant, reports Richard Blumenthal, an executive of the big Restaurant Associates chain. In its de-luxe restaurants (The Four Seasons, Tower Suite, etc.), the decline in social dining has been matched by an increase in the trade of worried businessmen who entertain prospective clients in an effort to make a sale. The chain's moderately priced restaurants, like Mamma Leone's and La Fonda del Sol, have experienced a decline in the numbers of pre-theater diners because of a downturn in family entertaining. Lower-priced restaurants, like Zum Zum and Riker's, find business stronger than ever—because everyone is trying to save money.

Overall, the most obvious slackening has been at dinnertime. The lunch trade is holding steady in many of the better restaurants, but even the midday period is grim in the funeral precincts of Wall Street. At Eberlin's, a financial-district favorite, volume is off 10% to 15%. For major hotels, the banquet and convention business offers slimmer pickings because companies are sending fewer people on combined business-pleasure jaunts.

Though business has dwindled, some restaurateurs have jacked up prices about 10% in the past year. There is, however, some solace for the diner. Instead of offering the usual cold shoulder, some waiters and managers are learning again to make an effort to be polite.

WOMEN AT WORK

Revolt Against the Kitchen

Women have long been rejecting home economics in order to assist with home economy—by going to work earning money. Partly because of continued inflation, women in ever-increasing numbers are leaving their dishes in the sink and their babies in the nursery to move into offices and factories. As a result, less than half the nation's women are now keeping house full time.

This is the conclusion of David I. Verway, a Michigan State University economist, who compiled the totals from Government reports. Verway reported last week that the percentage of women who stay home to keep house has slipped to 48.4%, compared with 57% in 1957. The greatest increase in working women has been among those who are married and have children.

Old Prejudices. Despite the spread of "liberation" movements and antidiscrimination laws, women's jobs are far from the board-room variety. Five of the ten occupations employing the largest number of women—teaching, nursing, making clothes, cooking and cleaning—are simply functions that have been transferred from the home to some institution. Whatever the job, a woman's wage seldom matches a man's. In 1957, fully employed women earned a median wage of \$3,008 a year and men, \$4,713. By 1968, men's income had risen 65%, to about \$7,800, while women's had gone up 51%, to \$4,550.

One barrier is the lack of a strong female contingent in labor unions. Though more than two out of five workers are women, only one out of five union members is a woman. Detroit's outspoken Labor Leader Myra Wolfgang figures that men labor chiefs—harboring some old prejudices—really believe that women are overly individualistic, selfish and impulsive and lack the discipline to forgo immediate benefits in order to work for long-range organizational goals. To those indictments women reply that men are the unfair sex.

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CINEMA

Home of the Braves

A Man Called Horse is actually Lord Morgan, an aristocratic Englishman in search of big game in the forests of the New World, circa 1825. According to the laws of adventure fiction, a high-born Briton who wanders into the wilderness must undergo total metamorphosis before he can be let out. Lord Greystoke's scion, for instance, went into Africa as a cherubic infant and emerged as Tarzan of the Apes.

Morgan (Richard Harris) enters America as a white hunter and emerges as an Indian chief. His small hunting party is annihilated by Sioux who decide to keep the Englishman as a plaything. They dub him Horse, tether his neck and make him clop about on all fours. Just before his spirit splinters, Horse is beguiled by an Indian maiden named Running Deer (Corinna Tsopie). The only way to bed her is to wed her, he reasons, and to do that he must earn a place in the home of the braves. To prove his prowess, Morgan takes the Sun Vow, a masochistic ritual in which he is hoisted twelve feet above the earth, dangling by blades thrust into his pectoral muscles. He wins Running Deer, and eventually his freedom, but not before a series of unnatural tragedies destroys much of the tribe and all of his new-found identity.

Period Paintings. Five years ago, when social conscience was not so up-permost, Director Elliot Silverstein had no compunction about lampooning the deadpan red man in *Cat Ballou*. In *A Man Called Horse*, he capitalizes on

honesty. Little of this American-made film is in English; the cast is largely composed of true Indians who look as authentic as their names: Richard Fools Bull, Ben Eagleman, Edward Little Sky. The movie portrays the Sioux as a repressive, formally violent people who master their mutual hysteria by refracting it into a hundred narrow superstitions. But their cruelty is no more harsh or capricious than the weather. And their obsessive chants and dances are produced by men to whom the earth is not a temporary riddle but a final answer.

Unhappily, the purity of the tribal footage is often adulterated with synthetic ingredients. When it is in English, the dialogue is an unstable amalgam of Shylock and Hiawatha: "When you fight the enemy and arrows pierce your skin, you bleed like all men." And in the part of Running Deer's mother, Dame Judith Anderson is relegated to pantomimic mother-in-law jokes. Despite these lapses—and a pseudopoetic slow-motion lyricism—*A Man Called Horse* has one estimable benefit: it avoids the white-race-is-the-cancer-of-history reproach that has marred much of the New Indian Lore.

In the next year, a slew of movies will treat the Indian in his new role of social victim. Among them: Arthur Penn's *Little Big Man*, Ralph Nelson's bloody *Soldier Blue* (TIME, Feb. 2), and Mike Cimino's *The Conquering Horse*, which will be shot entirely in Sioux and furnished with subtitles. Each, in its own way, will vary the theme of *A Man Called Horse*; the western is not dead; it is just rolling over.

Electra Shocks

A granite-faced seaman sits waiting in a saloon. The voice behind him is soft and beckoning. He rises and holds the pregnant girl in his arms. The beaming, reunited couple could be lovers—but they are father and daughter. By the time her common-law husband joins the pair, it is clear that *riverrun* becomes Electra.

In past films (*Crazy Quilt*, *Funnyman*), Director John Korty has shown a predilection for whimsy. Here, almost as a reaction, he presents a stark, lean story of a young couple who go back to the land to scratch out some meaning. They have abandoned Berkeley, and now raise sheep in the ineffable Northern California coast. To the couple, it is an act of love; to the old man, the idyl is pointless and backward. He insists on staying with the unmarried couple until the baby comes, and snipes at their supernatural way of life. As the wrangle intensifies, Korty alleviates the strain with scenes of a vanishing existence—of undisturbed salt flats, of a newborn lamb on the grass, of vast, unsaturated skies. It is here that his affectations are replaced by affections.

When he returns to people, Korty too

frequently resorts to stagy flashbacks of the girl's early life without father. They are references that could have been said better than seen. The story's climax of simultaneous birth and death attempts primitive art; only the birth succeeds.

The young couple (Louise Ober and Mark Jenkins) are simple and skilled enough to give the story some credence, but it is John McLiam as the bitter patriarch who grants it soul. It is a mark of his intelligence that he makes his tilted, villainous part understandable, and astonishingly sympathetic.

riverrun takes its title from the opening of *Finnegan's Wake*: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay . . ." The literary allusion is an unnecessary device; Korty's pace and McLiam's face are enough to supply this wry, wispy film with a valid life of its own.



SHELLEY & SON IN "MAMA"
Doing the smothering-mother thing.

Back to the Crypt

Bloody Mama is a lurid little number featuring Shelley Winters doing her smothering-mother thing as the nefarious Ma Barker. You can tell she's the mama because she is older than just about anyone else in the cast.

Presumably she should know better. A hapless and bloody rehash of *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Bloody Mama* features Shelley as the head of a small criminal band of psychopathic wastrels, four of whom are, incidentally, her sons. There are heavy-breathing suggestions that the family that preys together plays together. Mama rewards her sons after a hard day of busting heads or robbing banks by letting one of them bunk with her for the night. The fact that everyone gets his just deserts in an insipid shoot-'em-up in the final reel will come as no surprise. Producer-Director Roger Corman has made some tricky, sinister horror movies in his time (*The Tomb of Ligeia*, *The Masque of the Red Death*), but the hysterical vulgarity of *Bloody Mama* suggests that he is more at home with crypts than crooks.



HARRIS IN "HORSE"
Capitalizing on honesty.

BOOKS

Who Loves a Critic?

MAX JAMISON by Wilfrid Sheed. 260 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.50.

People have been known to ask a drama critic what qualifies him for his post. The charitable popular assumption seems to be that this chap once tacked up scenery in summer stock, or directed a college play, or was summarily reassigned from the sports section of his publication during an acute journalistic drought. The less charitable view is that the fellow is a failed playwright who plumps into his opening-night seat on the aisle paled with envy and gurgling with bile. Percy Hammond, a formidable drama critic of vinegary wit, once gave a simpler answer: "Because I get paid for it."

It is among the innumerable merits of *Max Jamison* that Novelist Wilfrid Sheed provides a serious, pertinent answer to this old question. His hero, Max Jamison, is a drama critic by function but a critic by an act of nature: "He preferred a good mechanic to a bad poet from the first." Max is a critic in the way that the 747 flies, the tiger stalks, and water boils at 212° Fahrenheit. He could get irate at a three-minute egg for being a four-minute egg. Before he is even married to her, one of his wives looks at him after making love and remarks: "I'd hate to think you were assigning me a grade."

Max, in short, is never off duty. That is his pride and his eventual torment. He is a compulsively strict constructionist of culture. A somewhat prickly man, the reader will guess. Well, George Jean Nathan anticipated that objection: "The critic is no gentleman, and the gentleman is no critic."

Cold Showers, Max works for *Now*, a new weekly magazine. Even though he knows that he knows better, he tends to think of *Now* as a Babylonian garden where critical purity is corrupted. He suspects that his employers pay him more for his jokes than his judgments. To ease his qualms, he holds on to a movie-reviewing job at *Rearview*, one of those little magazines where a pitance of salary permits a critic to take bracing cold showers of integrity. Sheed has been a triple-threat critic himself, in theater (for *Commonweal*), in films (for *Esquire*), and in books for several publications. He has put a lot of what he knows, and something of what he is, into this novel. Some novels purporting to be spiny character portrayals

are merely leaning towers of print, but *Max Jamison* is the mocking, funny, sad, irascible, loving, raging, hurting, touch-proof profile of a man.

Max has botched his first marriage long ago. He is separated from his second wife, Helen, one of those eager Midwestern émigrées who dole on Eastern intellectuals. He honed her critical intelligence to a straight-razor edge, and then his Galatea cut him up. Sheed scarcely needs to imply that two first-rate critics in one house is a brief description of hell.

On Saturdays, Max has visiting rights with his two sons. Their meetings are among the most affecting scenes in the



WILFRID SHEED
A strict constructionist of culture.

novel—the father-son relationship reduced to a sequence of trips to movies, museums and zoos, the bribe of sweets and presents for affection, the heart-sickening estrangement gap as "the separated father becomes an uncle." For surcease from tension and sorrow, Max does some casual fornicating on the lecture circuit, and starts a wary love affair with a new disciple and apple polisher of the arts called Eve. Sheed's handling of sex is admirable for what it spares one. There are no moist orgasmic fantasies or topographical check lists of the human anatomy. He understands the erotic power of speech and the intriguing musk of intellectuality. Sex comes easily to Max, but he suffers from an unaccommodated heart. Eventually, when he has reconciled with Helen, left *Now* and seems to be living in a kind of lobotomized euphoria back at *Rearview*, one realizes that his larg-

er suffering has been "agenbite of inwit," Joyce's term for remorse of conscience, a troubled unremitting scrutiny of the shortcomings of his own character.

Scratch a critic and find a moralist. Scratch a drama critic and find the latest priest of aesthetics in an apostolic succession from Aristotle. Sheed's high achievement is that he dramatizes every facet of the critical mentality and temperament. His style is terse, elliptic, introspective. It mirrors a high-speed mind, the precise way in which Max thinks, which is in internal dialogue, a constant contrapuntal debate waged between his thoughts and his words.

The critic may "sneer from strength," and Max does, while remaining painfully aware that many of his colleagues are show-shop hacks with minds and values no larger than ticket stubs. As Sheed knows and shows, the superior critic—a rare specimen—finds his job to be ego-depleting as well as ego-demanding. There is a cost to maintaining scrupulous standards in a society that feels intent should be applauded as roundly as execution. There is the fear, after a number of years, of saying the same thing over again. Is he an educator among the stubbornly uneducable, the critic wonders? Has he perfected a guillotine to lop off heads of straw? Has he, in fact, changed anything?

But the next night the gloom lifts. He is back in the theater, rushing up the aisle through the lobby, and out under the marquee for the ritual of the intermission cigarette—*Max Jamison*, Page 1, Scene 1. It is a pity this book came out in May. When December rolls around, some book reviewer may forget to put it on his list of the ten best novels of 1970. He will be wrong.

Sleeping Beauty

THE DESERT by Allen Wheelis. 163 pages. Basic Books. \$5.95.

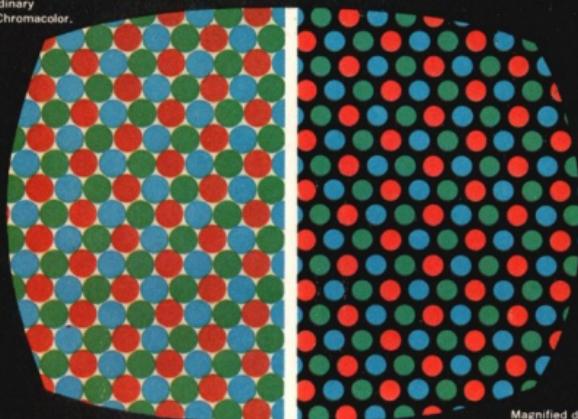
Like the platypus, a semi-aquatic egg-laying mammal, this book should not work but does. It is part love story, part lecture in existential psychoanalysis, and part rumination on the frayed bootstraps of mankind. Altogether, Allen Wheelis' novel does far more than merely survive on its own terms in its own special territory.

Max Archer, the narrator-hero of the story section, is—like Wheelis himself—a San Francisco psychoanalyst. Fortysomething and divorced, Archer regularly sees his patients, consults with his colleagues, plays a little chess and a lot of women. He is a man of few illusions who expects little and usually settles for less.

The villain is Scott Craig, a free-lance film maker with a terminal case of what psychologists call affectlessness. Like a jet-set Sade, he rushes around the world anxiously seeking aesthetic forms through which to resolve his conflicts and act out his sexual obsessions. Craig's films include features about his secretary's sensuous mouth, copulating dolphins, even a reel starring a belly

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dancer's navel that smiles, frowns, bites and becomes a puckered keyhole through which a documentary collage of 20th century horrors may be ogled. Out of context, the man sounds comical. But the harder he pursues his pathetically deformed efforts to feel alive, the more destructive he gets.

The principal victim of Craig's compulsive degradation is his wife Ariana. Not only does he leave her at home for long periods, but when he returns he insists on telling her detailed stories of his infidelities. To triangulate Ariana's problem, Max Archer is in love with her. After initial hesitations, she returns his love. But despite beautiful times together, she is incapable of leaving Craig.

By virtue of his position as narrator, Archer is the character of greatest dimension. Craig and Ariana are more like vivified case histories. Taken together, they become an eternal threesome whose antecedents can be found in myths about princes salvaging damsels from evil spellbinders. In Wheeles' tale, though, the hero must fight without magic weapons or supernatural sponsors—conditions that do not ensure happy endings. In Craig, what once might have been thought to be evil is now seen as psychosis. Ariana is Sleeping Beauty, but no kiss is going to awaken her from the stupor that keeps her with Craig.

Economy and Tact. As case history, Ariana's problem is not uncommon. She is unable to choose happiness over despair because her will has been paralyzed. In Wheeles' view, the cause is not only Craig's outrages but the subtly pervasive spirit of the age. Behaviorists, technophiles and their parrots in the social sciences have overemphasized the lock step of instinct at the expense of free will. For many people, the result is a form of fatalism that destroys belief in the possibility of change.

In the book only Archer, a man of enlightened desperation, can make the imaginative effort necessary to understand that for practical purposes, man is what he does. Like many a brave individual before him, he comes to the hard knowledge that blindness to human possibilities is like ignorance of the law. In both cases, one is guilty by default.

Wheeleis interrupts his story a number of times with general discussions of personal inertia, freedom and will. Because these talks are jargon-free and meditative in tone, they do not distract from the fictional narrative. If anything, they heighten the reader's involvement in a story written with exceptional economy and tact.

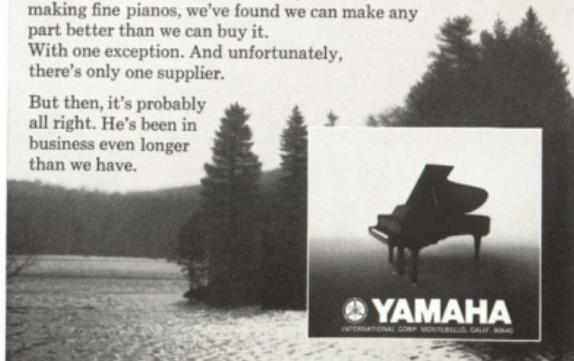
Despite its incongruities of form, *The Desert* is an exciting, even a profound modern document. Its philosophical underwriters are Husserl, Heidegger and Ludwig Binswanger, the Swiss psychiatrist who provided a much-needed addendum to Freud. Binswanger gently argued that the undefinable human spirit is as powerful a drive as instinct—if

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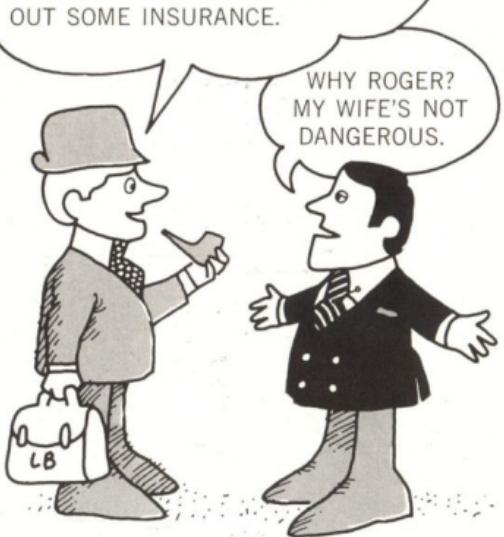
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T-8

indeed the two theoretical categories can be separated in practice at all. Fusing spirit and instinct, theory and fiction, Wheelis' risky work gives a unique life to Binswanger's philosophical view.

Jet Stream

UNTITLED EPIC POEM ON THE HISTORY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION by R. Buckminster Fuller. 240 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

*"God is a verb,
the most active,
connoting the vast harmonic
reordering of the universe
from unleashed chaos of energy."*

Spinoza for Aquarians? No, just Architect R. Buckminster Fuller taking time out from designing, teaching, lecturing, pontificating and philosophizing to release his gas-filled balloon advertising the glories of technocracy.

For the poem, Fuller has transformed himself into a transitive verb, skimming furiously from the 17th century to that place where all architects hold large estates: tomorrow.

At 74, Fuller has constructed a work as idiosyncratic as his famous geodesic dome, an ego projection that seems at once flamboyant and sterile, like a pavilion at an Expo.

For all his sense of history, Fuller is an old man in a hurry. No idea interests him for more than a historical instant. He begins—and stays—far aloft, in a jet's-eye view of a world where the fastest vehicle appears to crawl. From this vantage point he views the phenomenon of U.S. industrialization. He divides industrial growth into three "telescoping" periods: 1850 to 1890, 1890 to 1920, 1920 to 1940. Each, he notes, was shorter than its precedent; each contained part of its successor. Yet from the beginning "people thought of changes as normal adjuncts to an agricultural and craft economy—the only basic one they have ever known." To anyone who has been struck by a gust of Bucky Fuller's technocratic sales pitches, the cheerful implications are clear: yet another extension of the telescope is contained within our society. Things like space programs are not the limits of technocracy: they herald the as yet undiscovered beginnings of some fresh epoch.

To Fuller, industrialization has gone from comparative primitivity to corrupt sophistication, manipulated by public relations men, villains whom the author describes as "furtive, meddling buffoons," as if p.r. had somehow been the Iago and not the imago of the industrialist. Other Fuller ruminations seem more pertinent: his insistence, for instance, that work never disappears, and slavery is only abandoned through the substitution of machines, lends computers a certain moral purpose. His account of technological society's constantly increasing energy is, he admits, a striking reinterpretation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. One of Fuller's practical

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FULLER WITH GEODESIC DOME
God is a verb.

prescriptions—the recycling of used-car parts into the construction of new airplanes—could provide the basis for a 21st century ecosystem.

Yet the hysterical optimism of *Untitled Epic* imparts the uneasy feeling that Fuller's last clear year is 1940, and indeed that is the last year analyzed in this "futuristic" poem. "The only difference between the face of the earth today and millions of years ago," he writes "when all the elements also existed, but as seemingly static resources, is the harnessing of energy."

Perhaps Fuller's delusion comes from his viewpoint. In his notebooks, Albert Camus once described the airplane "as one of the elements of modern negation and abstraction. There is no more nature . . . everything disappears. There remains a diagram—a map. Man, in short, looks through the eyes of God. And he perceives that God can have but an abstract view. This is not a good thing."

No, it is not. Seeing the earth's doings in vast perspective is intended to make local pitfalls and disasters seem small and temporary. Yet Fuller's distant, denatured view, perceptive as it occasionally is, too much disregards what has happened to the face of the earth, to the rivers, the air—and the people.

What Makes Justo Fall?

SANCTUARY V by Budd Schulberg. 415 pages. World. \$6.95.

In his first full-length novel since 1955, Budd Schulberg makes a bold attempt to invade the thoughts of an aging revolutionary. Justo Moreno Suárez is the provisional President of a nation's revolutionary government. A former professor of political science,

Moreno was a helpful hand in toppling the corrupt regime of President Zamora and aided the rise to power of Angel Bello, the people's hero. Bello rewards Moreno by making him a puppet president, whose essential task is to lend the revolution a respectable imprimatur.

But Moreno soon begins to despair of both Bello's repressive measures and the workability of revolution in general. He asks a risky, rhetorical question of a foreign journalist: "Is it our fate to jump from the Wall Street pot into the Communist fire?", and he winds up forced to beg for refuge in a neutral embassy.

Schulberg's title, *Sanctuary V*, refers to an article of the Pan American convention governing diplomatic asylum. And Schulberg is at his best in depicting the grinding banality of asylum where defeat and depravity exist on innumerable levels.

Ambivalence is, of course, the root of Moreno's undoing. Even as he seeks to flee the country, he still finds himself defending the fundamental principles of Bello and his Green Revolution. As a former Communist Party member who did his time on the rack before the House Un-American Activities Committee, Schulberg is well-equipped to blueprint the attitudes and agonies of a man who once had high hopes for revolutionary reform. But his reach embarrassingly exceeds his grasp in dealing with Moreno's inner conflicts. What the book lacks is not philosophy or knowledge but a cohesive narrative skill. The phenomenal success of *What Makes Sammy Run?* (1941) and *The Harder They Fall* (1947) rested on fast-skipping story and stark, substantial characterization. In the end, Moreno's subtle, introspective world seems too delicate for Schulberg's stumpy pen.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Sagan (I last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (3)
4. Deliverance, Dickey (4)
5. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (5)
6. Local Anesthetic, Grass (10)
7. Mr. Sammiller's Planet, Bellows (6)
8. Losing Battles, Welty
9. The Godfather, Puzo (8)
10. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel

NONFICTION

1. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (3)
4. New English Bible (4)
5. Love and Will, May (6)
6. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (5)
7. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (7)
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